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LAFAYETTE.

LADY MOYRA CAVENDISH.

Dublin.



THE Journal for all interested in

Country Life and Country Pursuits

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Our Portrait Illustrations: Lady Moyra Cavendish; Lady Rosemary Sutherland-Leveson-Gower	257, 258, 281
The Return of Ulysses	258
Country Notes	259
The Waterloo Cup. (Illustrated)	261
On the Green	262
Wild Country Life	263
Hadrian's Villa at Tivoli. (Illustrated)	264
The Country in February. (Illustrated)	267
The Maid of the Mill. (Illustrated)	269
Public-house Trusts	271
Gardens Old and New: Holland House. (Illustrated)	272
In the Garden	281
Books of the Day	281
The Grey Geese of Holkham. (Illustrated)	283
From the Farm. (Illustrated)	285
A Notable Sale. (Illustrated)	286
Correspondence	287

EDITORIAL NOTICE.

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THE RETURN . . . OF ULYSSES.

BEFORE our readers will be in a position to read these lines it is expected that Mr. Chamberlain will have embarked for his return journey; and, now that his mission is accomplished, it is possible to form some idea of the results of his novel experiment. It is something new in the history of English politics for a Minister to go into a disturbed colony in order to take a personal part in the restoration of peace and confidence. It was openly declared before he went that Mr. Chamberlain in some respects was not a very suitable man for the purpose. He undoubtedly possessed the hand of iron, but there was some doubt of the existence of the velvet glove that should be used to conceal it. Mr. Chamberlain in his previous career had scarcely gained the reputation of being a careful and prudent speaker. On the contrary, time and again he has thrown the ancient traditions of diplomacy to the winds, and spoken out with a frankness that was disconcerting to the older type of politician. France and Germany both have had experience of this characteristic of the Colonial Secretary, yet in no case has it turned out badly in the end. Mr. Chamberlain's warning to France over the Fashoda affair probably was the means of obviating a serious quarrel between that country and Great Britain. His reply to the German Chancellor, trenchant, brief, and pugnacious as it was, brought a painful controversy to a close; but it was felt that in South Africa no rude warnings ought to be delivered. The recently-inflicted wounds were so raw and sore that some people appeared to imagine that only a man of the mildest and meekest temperament was likely to promote unity in our great dominion. The qualification belonging to Mr. Chamberlain, which no one disputed, was that he is one of the most illustrious business men of the day. He has brought into the affairs of State methods that were learned in the market-place. His vision is always clear; his common-sense past suspicion; his habit of decision most admirable; and these are qualities of the first importance in the transaction of business. But, on the other hand, he is entirely lacking in that persuasiveness which the late Mr. Gladstone had to a very high degree, and he possesses few of those imaginative gifts that enabled Mr. Bright to carry away his audience by sheer force of rhetoric. Mr. Chamberlain seldom, if ever, deviates into poetic thought or expression. His eloquence is of that sharp and clear-cut style which men employ when they are settling material interests. There is no "wool" about it. Nor

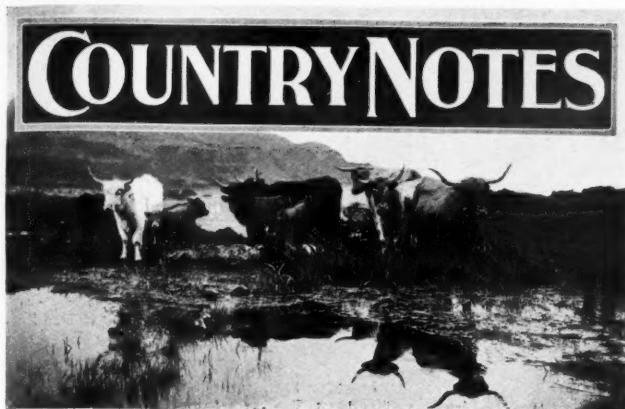
does he possess that fine historical faculty which enables a man like Sir Wilfrid Laurier to institute the most interesting parallels between the chronicles of to-day and those of antiquity. In a word, Mr. Chamberlain's qualifications and limitations are equally definite.

Now let us glance for a moment at South Africa, which Mr. Chamberlain was called upon to visit in the character of a peacemaker. The Boers, though they had been vanquished in fair fight, and made a pretence of accepting their beating manfully, were still scheming and planning to recover as much as they could of what had been lost in battle. The generals who had visited Europe had more than once shown the cloven foot. They had ineffectually tried to win the sympathies of Europe at the expense of Great Britain. They had haggled over the terms of peace, and had demanded their pound of flesh with an insistence worthy of Shylock. Probably at heart they were thoroughly dismayed at the prospect of Mr. Chamberlain visiting the newly-acquired colonies. In speech and cartoon he had been represented as a living monster, one who wallowed in the blood of women and children and cared for nothing except to establish the British Empire in South Africa. They were disappointed, and perhaps not agreeably so. In the Transvaal there are many thousands who have now seen Mr. Chamberlain and heard him speak, and know that by comparison with the real Minister the Chamberlain of vituperative papers was a monster and a myth. In the various interviews which he has had with the leaders of the vanquished nation, Mr. Chamberlain has admirably sustained the character that we have conceived of him at home, namely, that he is perfectly just and fair-minded, but not a man to give away anything to any antagonist. The firmness and frankness with which he rejected the insidious proposals made by the Boer leaders probably raised him in the estimation of the new subjects of the King. They are keen in their perceptions and accustomed to play the game of bluff. They were therefore much more likely to respect one who could hold his own than a meek philanthropist whom they could have bought at one end of the town and sold at the other. As far as the Boers are a factor in the South African situation, they have been rendered perfectly innocuous by the straightforward and resolute manner in which they have been met by the Colonial Minister. Mr. Chamberlain has succeeded in clearing the air, and in gradually lightening the task that has been set Lord Milner. Whether the latter will be able to continue this good work is doubtful.

But the Boer element was not the only one with which Mr. Chamberlain was called upon to deal. Cape Colony itself is torn by rival factions, and to reconcile these and get all to work for the common good of the Empire, was a task that was difficult indeed. We do not say that Mr. Chamberlain has succeeded in accomplishing it. Animosities generated during a long course of years are not to be wiped out by the short visit of any statesman, however distinguished he may be. But he has put things on a better footing than they were before. He remarked the other day that this had been no pleasure trip, but excessive hard work, and whoever has followed his wanderings will readily accept the statement. It must have been a great strain upon his mind to hold the balance even between two parties, and keep both subservient to the welfare of the British Empire. He did it all the more because he had no personal interest to serve. There was something dignified and pathetic in one of his last speeches, wherein he declared that his career was steadily coming to an end; that at the best only a few short years remained for him to take a leading part in politics; and that, as one of Shakespeare's characters said, it was "too late a week" to enter upon any new task. He had no longer any personal ambition to serve. A younger man might have been accused of working for selfish and personal ends; but when a man comes nigh the age of three score years and ten, these weaknesses of the flesh fall naturally away from him. Indeed, it has to be said to Mr. Chamberlain's everlasting honour that at critical periods of his life he has never hesitated to sacrifice his own career for the benefit of the State. Future historians will be able, much better than we who live in the thick of the prejudices and passions of the hour, to see that if ever Great Britain brought forth a true patriot it did so in the person of the present Colonial Secretary. He comes home from this visit to South Africa covered with honour, and in every way entitled to the enthusiastic welcome that is being prepared for him.

Our Portrait Illustrations.

OUR frontispiece this week is a portrait of Lady Moyra de Vere Cavendish, half-sister of the Duke of St. Albans. In 1895 she married Richard Frederick Cavendish, Esq., Member of Parliament for the North Lonsdale Division of Lancashire. On page 281 is a portrait of Lady Rosemary Millicent Sutherland-Leveson-Gower, only daughter of the Duke of Sutherland.



ON Monday night in the House of Commons Mr. Wyndham made an announcement in regard to the Hon. John Scott Montagu's Bill that will give great satisfaction to automobilists throughout the country. It was an occasion on which, as Colonel Saunderson pointed out, all Ireland was united. The request was that special facilities might be given for holding the Gordon Bennett race in Ireland, and no one in this country made the slightest objection. The course, therefore, was clear, and Mr. Wyndham is probably right in expecting that the Bill will be passed by mutual consent. There is not even any need to make it a Government measure. We cannot imagine the grounds upon which any opposition could be made to it.

The House of Commons is not so very rich in literary men, but that it will have reason to regret the retirement of one of the most conspicuous men of letters of the day. Mr. W. H. Lecky is no longer young, and no one is likely to blame him for seeking the Chiltern Hundreds. Moreover, like others of his temperament, he was not so successful on the platform as at the writing-desk—authors seldom are. Lord Macaulay is, of course, a standing example of a writer who failed to attain a distinguished position as a practical politician, and in our own time Mr. John Morley might be cited as another example. Writing and speaking are two very different arts, and no one is to be blamed for failing to excel in both; but perhaps "fail" is too strong a word. All that we mean by it is that Mr. Lecky did not rise to the pre-eminent position his admirers expected him to assume. All the same, he added an element of thoughtfulness and culture to the House of Commons—a very good reason for regretting his departure from it.

Last Saturday Mr. Hanbury made the interesting announcement that a Department of Fisheries is to be added to the other work of the Board of Agriculture. He did not seem quite to relish the idea, but we hope that in time he will bring the same energetic temperament and business aptitude to bear upon the sea that he has already brought to bear upon the land. There is a certain appropriateness in the Department of Fisheries becoming a portion of the work of agriculture, since it, too, is connected with the great work of producing food. Few of those qualified to speak would care to deny that with care and cultivation our fisheries might be made much more productive than they are, and the question of stocking the sea is one of the most important now before the public. It may, therefore, be hoped that the establishment of a Department of Fisheries will in the end tend to improve an important source of our food supply.

The newly-published criminal statistics for 1901 contain some curious and interesting information, with comments by Mr. Simpson, the principal of the department. That there is an increase of crime, although it is of no great magnitude, can hardly be regarded as satisfactory. Our reasonable hope was that education and other means that have been adopted for the advance of civilisation would have led to a steady decrease in the number of criminal offences. The consolation, however, is that the sum total is swollen by offences that are probably due to a stricter administration of the law. We may take it, for instance, that adulteration was as common in 1886 as it was in 1901, although in the interval the offences rose from 1,436 to 3,817.

It is not such good news that drunkenness has been steadily on the increase, having advanced from 168,927 cases in 1892 to 210,342 in 1901. Mr. Simpson's remark upon it is that as the nets of the criminal law are every year spreading wider, they get more and more members of the classes to whom imprisonment is vastly more prejudicial than a pecuniary penalty. That may be true enough, but there is also the other side to be taken into consideration—that the number of people who sail near the wind is

probably greater now than it ever was before. In a word, our criminal statistics are such as to justify a scrutiny of many of our modern institutions.

By the death of the Bishop of Southampton, which had been anticipated for some months, the Church loses a brilliant and manly servant, who seemed to be in the prime of life, and a notable English family is shorn of a striking member. A wonderful family group are the Lytteltons, good men of their hands and clever to a man. Best known amongst those who survive are the late Lord Cobham's second son, who was gazetted to a command in South Africa on the day of his brother's death; the head-master of Haileybury, as brilliant and successful as he is plain spoken; and the Hon. Alfred Lyttelton, K.C., M.P. All eight sons were educated at Eton; all except the soldier passed on to Trinity College, Cambridge, and all have proved, in greater or less degree, the value of the connection between the *mens sana* and the *corpus sanum*. All have been "flannelled," most of them have been "muddled," and every one of them has been far removed from an "oaf" or a "fool." Their athletic eminence has naturally set men to the collection of similar records. The seven Walkers of Southgate, the eight Studds, the four Steels, and the three Graces are cases in point; and some of them have shone in other walks of life. But certainly never was cricket better justified of her children than in the case of the Lytteltons. Finally, that cricket should run in families is no strange thing, for it is a commonplace of experience that to play any game in good company is the sure road to proficiency.

The mild weather of the last few days of February has had a wonderful effect, not only on vegetation, but upon bird life. Already, and probably all too soon, the first greenery is beginning to open on sheltered hedgerows and bushes, and in a little while, unless the ordinary check occurs, we shall see the flush of spring coming on all vegetation. Traditionally, birds are supposed to begin mating on St. Valentine's Day, but for several weeks before that date their voices had been heard piping among the bare boughs; the cooing of wood-pigeons has been a familiar sound, and their billing and mating have already begun to take place in the woods. News of early nests has appeared in the public journals, and everything points to a very early spring—everything, that is to say, except our experience that most of these premature outbursts of fine weather are followed by spells of frost and snow.

We are reminded by the action of a Devonshire magistrate that this season is an appropriate one for issuing a warning about wild flowers. The magistrate in question fined a London fern and flower gatherer £2 and £1 costs for digging up roots belonging to Sir Edmund De la Pole. The collection and sale of wild flowers has become such a very extensive business that the beauty of our woods and hedgerows for a circuit of many miles around London threatens to be utterly destroyed. It is not only that the flowers are cut—that, though deplorable enough in itself, would be a light matter, inasmuch as it would not interfere with next year's crop of flowers—but the practice of digging up the roots is almost criminal. We know of many districts near London where primroses could be gathered to any extent only a few years ago, and not one is to be seen now. As the season is rapidly approaching when our waysides should be gay with flowers, we hope that adequate steps will be taken to protect them from the depredators.

The Zoo at Phoenix Park, Dublin, still maintains its name as the most successful breeding-place for lions in Europe, or, for that matter, any place in the world, for the Irish-bred animals are really finer specimens than those from Africa. A Dublin-bred lion, Caesar, has been exchanged for a jaguar from Germany, and another (Hannibal) and a female cub also go to the Continent, but leave behind them no less than eighteen lions, old and young. The fine lion, Prince, can boast of being the father of nine; and Germania, who is no longer in the gardens, left a family of five.

The giraffe which died a couple of weeks ago at the Dublin Zoo was a great loss. Its death was due to pneumonia. An interesting addition is being made in the shape of a racoon enclosure. A place with a large thorn tree has been selected, and round this a space is being railed in, so that people will have an opportunity of seeing the "coons" disporting themselves as in their natural environment. In some parts of the world—Jamaica, to wit—the racoon is said to have become a perfect nuisance to the sugar planters, descending in numbers, and devouring the crop. It makes a capital pet, being an entertaining, sportive, and good-tempered animal, capable of being taught many tricks. The racoon should do well in some of our woods, but probably people think his "room better than his company."

Fishermen, both netsmen and anglers, have been expressing very general regret at the announced determination of the

Government to take no action this Session on the report of the recent Commission on salmon fisheries. It seems as if the essential preliminary to any adequate legislation must be the growth of a strong and strongly outspoken public feeling on the matter. The crying evils are the over-netting, the pollution, and the wastage, or at least the detraction, of water. In regard to this last question it is to be said that the decrease of the water flow in very many of our rivers is becoming of the first interest, not only to the fish themselves, but also to the human creatures who live in the water-sheds of these rivers. Even the Wye is suffering wastage, in addition to its other difficulties of organised poaching and terrorising of the river-watchers, with which the law, as administered by a Welsh jury, seems quite impotent to cope.

Deptford was gay with flags and bunting on Monday for a reason that must be almost unique in the history of a community. This was the arrival of a consignment of bullocks from Argentina. It was the first shipment of the kind since the withdrawal of the embargo laid by the Government on the importation of cattle from the Republic three years ago. It was not a heavy consignment, consisting only of 140 animals, and the prices realised worked out at about 6d. a pound, as compared with 7d. a pound for British beef. That was a bit of good luck for those who sent the bullocks from Argentina. It is said that large further supplies are available, and no doubt will now come pouring into this country, so that the effect will be a reduction of those high prices to which we have been accustomed for some years past. This might cause the good people of Deptford to cover their houses with bunting, but it will have a very opposite effect on the British farmer.

WHEN STRICKEN LOW.

The little birds are fluttering to and fro
Before the window where I lie away
From pale morn watching, till my heart-beats slow
Grow feebler with the golden eve of day.
The sunshine of this second month falls faint
Upon the flight of happy warm brown things,
Their throats all songless yet. Guess they the plaint
Behind the walls from souls that pant for wings?
Ah! if ye wot, sweet brothers building homes
Where love will dwell, in what sad cages we
Of human blood pine mutely, on whose domes
You choose to live and chirp in careless glee.
Though to my heart your forms and voices are
Dear as spring once, yet now you come amiss;
Winter proved kinder—bursts again the scar
On wounds that slept, at sight of banished bliss.
Dear little birds, God grant you peace, not woe,
The happy hour and place, the loved one near,
Warm sunshine and no bitter breath to blow
A frost, and kill what joy heaven sendeth here.

D. K.

South Africa, like a great many other parts of the world, is feeling very much the want of good trees, and in the new number of the *Transvaal Agricultural Journal* the establishment of an Arbor Day, such as is kept in the United States, and has been tried in Great Britain, is advocated by a well-known horticulturist. Mr. Barr, the expert in question, however, holds that in America Arbor Day is, in his own words, more or less a fad. He says: "I took considerable trouble, when in Boston, to ascertain the truth of what I was told, namely, that once a year everybody planted a tree, and after much searching and investigating I discovered one man who had planted three poplar trees in front of his house." When he twitted his friends on the subject, they said it was the children who planted them, but he had some difficulty in finding a lady teacher whose pupils one year planted three trees in the playground, but the trees had all died. Now Mr. Barr is of the opinion that if an Arbor Day is going to be held at all, it should be a reality, and not a sham of this kind. We are quite of his opinion, both as regards South Africa and Great Britain.

Henry Day of the Crispin Inn at Harwell, a fruit-bearing village of Berkshire, which became known to fame a few years ago as the scene of the peculiarly brutal murder of a police-constable, was fined £2 last week for allowing his son to go about the village freely when he was in a highly infectious state from diphtheria; and there is no question that Henry Day got off very lightly. He was, indeed, treated very leniently by the Rural Sanitary Authority in that his public-house was closed for twelve days only, and he was allowed to reopen it on the condition that he would whitewash the taproom and keep the diphtheria patients, of whom there were several, isolated. So, one fine and warm day, in ignorance of the law and of the danger to the public alike, Henry Day allowed his son to go out and sow the seeds of diphtheria broadcast in a quiet country village. Others, no doubt, have done likewise; indeed, Day complained that there was another public-house in the village,

also visited by diphtheria, which had not been closed. But two wrongs, even supposing Day's complaint to be accurate, do not make one right, and it is clear that the villagers of Harwell needed a sharp object-lesson.

From the remote district of Eccleshall in Staffordshire comes an account of an occurrence, rightly described by the coroner, who presided at a necessary inquest, as the most extraordinary within his experience. On Wednesday of last week one of the labourers of Mr. Hawkins had occasion to cut a truss or two of hay from a stack saved last summer. While he was so engaged his hay-knife decapitated the body of a man lying in the very centre of the stack. Imagine the horror of the situation. Moreover, the stack had been so heated that the body was dried to nothing but skin and bone, and practically cremated. No doubt the explanation accepted was correct. A tramp had covered himself with the hay of the half-made rick and had slept. The haymakers had failed to notice him next morning, and had piled above and around him the fragrant, but suffocating, hay; and so he died. It sounds horrible, but it may well be that this poor tramp's death was entirely painless, for the chances are that he slept on unconscious of his doom until life was extinct; and suffocation simply is said to be a painless death. Let us at least hope that much; for the man's feelings, if, in fact, he awoke to consciousness, are too horrible to contemplate.

In connection with the announcement that recruiting is proceeding briskly for a regiment of Imperial Yeomanry in the North of Ireland, an occasional correspondent of the *Times* raises, in a somewhat hesitating tone, the suggestion that it might be desirable in the near future to raise Volunteer battalions for some of the line regiments which have their depôts in Ireland. To put it shortly, he would again trust the Irish to be exponents of the volunteer principle, and he holds that "the exercise of reasonable precaution, especially in the selection of officers, should obviate all risk." There is the point of difficulty. In England, Scotland, and Wales the powers that be do not have to exercise reasonable precaution except as to the question of competence. Loyalty is an axiom; but even optimists cannot say the same of Ireland. True it is that Irish territorial regiments and militia battalions have, recently and in days long gone by, done splendid and loyal service. But Regulars and Militia feel discipline, and are subject to its influence in a manner which is unattainable in the case of Volunteers. Nor is this a happy moment at which to raise the suggestion. "Colonel" Lynch, who now wears the King's uniform in its most degraded form instead of that of Mr. Kruger, is an insignificant person; but his election to Parliament was not an altogether insignificant fact.

As discussions proceed and expressions of opinion accumulate, it seems to become less and less likely that the wicket will be widened. Opinions as to the advantage of widening it for the first-class matches are, perhaps, equally balanced; but as to the disadvantage of having it any wider than it is in cricket, other than first-class, there seems no division of opinion, and it is this consensus that is likely to turn the scale. To be sure, it does not strictly follow that what is best for second-class is also best for first-class cricket, but unless there is a very decided view that one width of wicket is best for one, and another width for the other, we should all, probably, be sorry to see cricket divided into games of two different kinds.

The name of the first American "Rhodes" scholar is announced as Eugene H. Lehman. The name has not so exclusively British a sound as would not do credit to the wide views of the founder of these scholarships, and at the same time has the merit of being a name very well known at Cambridge, especially on the river. This first recipient of the "Rhodes" bounty was educated in the University of Colorado and afterwards at Yale, and in addition to general scholarly proficiency is said to have shown remarkable ability in the college debating society. The Union should hear of him, and also the football field.

The principle of competition is being introduced into aeronautics. The Aeronautical Society is about to hold a competitive international meeting of kite-flyers in the neighbourhood of Brighton. A more favourable locality for the flying of kites it is not easy to imagine if a good breeze is the essential, as we may suppose it is. The special object is announced as being to solve certain problems connected with the upper air currents, at the height of 3,000ft. or more. At the same time the announcement is made that M. Santos Dumont is prepared to race any of his rivals in the art of navigable ballooning, a match "there and back," presumably for a substantial stake. These aerial competitions, especially the latter, promise to be full of incident and interest.

THE WATERLOO CUP.

COURSING is a form of sport which has lost favour somewhat with the general public who are in a position to indulge in it. It is a great pity that this should be the case, for it is a sport in which the man of limited income may take part without dipping deeply into his purse, always supposing he has facilities for killing a few hares each season. The farmer, for instance, who cannot afford to keep a hunter could satisfy his sporting instincts by breeding and training a few greyhounds each year. What greater or more innocent pleasure could he have than in watching the gradual development of the long-legged, loose-jointed puppy into the beautifully symmetrical, perfectly shaped adult dog, and after a thorough training matching him in friendly contest with his neighbour's entry? If this were more general it would interfere very little, if at all, with other forms of sport. In fact, as it would lead to the preservation of hares, and therefore to the prevention of poaching, the shooting tenant would probably welcome it—certainly it would be to the advantage of the greyhound. It is not to be supposed for a moment, however, that the greyhound of to-day is in any way inferior to that kept by our ancestors, for there has always been a considerable number of sportsmen in this country who have done everything possible to improve the breed, and who love this kind of hunting, in which the power of the dog is tried not only against the quarry, but also against that of another of his own kind. The quality of the dogs entered for the Waterloo Cup and the number of spectators show that the interest in coursing is by no means diminishing; the crowd, indeed, is said to have been the largest on record, and it is greatly to their credit that they in no way interfered with the sport. The weather was all that could be desired, and good coursing was enjoyed, except on Thursday, when, unfortunately, the hares were weak, so that the sport was distinctly below the average. Those who assert that it is always possible to judge of the powers of a greyhound by his former performances must have had their faith sadly shaken, for the owners of the winner and of the runner-up each believed that he had a better dog in his kennel. The Messrs. Fawcett placed their confidence in Farndon



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GOING TO THE SLIPS.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Ferry, last year's winner, who was supposed to have proved his ability to beat Father Flint in a preliminary trial, and it fell to the lot of Mr. J. H. Bibby to nominate the latter. Mr. Bibby, curiously enough, has had the honour of nominating three out of the five dogs which have won the Waterloo Cup for Messrs. Fawcett. Again, Mr. Pilkington thought that his red dog, Prince Charming, was better than anything else in his kennel, whereas he was easily beaten by the same owner's Priestlaw in the first round, who, in turn, went down before Handsome Creole, leaving the despised Father Flint to represent the kennel, which he did with so much credit. Had the bitch Fleetwood been fit and able to run, it is doubtful if Father Flint would ever have been put in the slips at all. So much for the judgment of owners and trainers. The public were equally at sea, for though the odds against the winner were never very great, he had very little money on him until he had showed his superiority. That Mr. Pilkington did not place much confidence in Paracelsus is more easily understood, for the dog was a late pup, and is now only about twenty months old. It is a great deal to ask of a greyhound of this age to compete for such a stake as the Waterloo Cup. He has to run at least six courses against the very best dogs in England, and the brilliant display he gave each time he was slipped leaves very little doubt that, unless some unforeseen accident befalls him, he will be to the front in next year's contest. Some good authorities assert that had fortune favoured him only a very little he would have taken the first place this year. Time is all in his favour as far as the winner is concerned, but the entry of pups this year seems to be a particularly promising one, and coursing is much too uncertain a game to prophesy about so far ahead.

As will be seen from the photograph here reproduced, Father Flint is a beautiful brindled dog with lots of bone and muscle, but by no means clumsy. He is a second season dog, about 61lb. in weight. He has been out sixteen times this season, and in every case has won his course. In his first year he was successful in five out of eight matches. During the contest for the Waterloo Cup, his crowning glory, he met and defeated Grampus, Grogging, Devil's Water, First Down, Farndon Ferry, and lastly Paracelsus. In every heat he was first to the hare, and scored many more points than any of his opponents, with the exception of Paracelsus, who ran him very hard. When he met Farndon Ferry it looked at first as if the old dog was likely to hold his own, but "youth will be served," and the brindle, after the hare turned



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FATHER FLINT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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PARACELUS, RUNNER-UP IN THE CUP.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

a little towards him, took the whole affair in hand, and scored brilliantly at the expense of his kennel companion. Paracelsus is a good-looking black dog, very clean cut and workmanlike. As has been said, he is a fine puppy, and, considering his age, has a very creditable record behind him. He has been out in public twenty-two times, and until last week only once unsuccessfully—a record of which Mr. Pilkington may very justly be proud. Farndon Ferry's performances are too well known to require recapitulation here; suffice it to say that he is a splendid brindle and white dog, and although he met his match in Father Flint, his day is by no means over yet. The other portrait is of Mr. W. S. Simpson's fawn dog Strange Mystery, who was beaten in the first round by Farndon Ferry, but retrieved his reputation by winning the Waterloo Purse, defeating Bonnie Bairn in the last round. The other two illustrations are exceedingly characteristic of the sport of coursing; the one where two dogs are being led across a plank bridge to the slips, carefully



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A COURSE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

indicated by what he did as shown above. When this Mr. Maxwell and Mr. Laidlay tied, their score was 85, and Mr. R. Maxwell was 87. In playing off, the winner was 89 to the loser's 91.

The name of Mr. Maxwell appears in a very good article by Mr. Hilton in last week's *Golf Illustrated*, on "long driving and long drivers." Mr. Hilton thinks that Scotland deems the long-driving mantle of the late Mr. F. G. Tait to have fallen on Mr. Maxwell's shoulders. Well, it may be so; they are broad enough, and, at all events, Mr. Maxwell has a legacy of a considerable share of Scotland's pride, and very right pride, in poor "Freddie" Tait, but I think Scotland has, and has known that she had, longer drivers than either; although, as Mr. Hilton very truly says, Mr. Tait always had in him, to bring out when it was wanted, a little longer shot than he commonly played, especially when at his best; but, of course, there has been Mr. Edward Blackwell for a good many years, and Mr. Norman Hunter lately. The specially good point that Mr. Hilton makes in this article is in the distinction he draws between the consistently long, and the occasionally huge, driver. It is quite a true distinction, and I do not know that it has been pointed out before. Mr. Graham he takes as a type of the consistently long. He hardly does credit, perhaps, to the occasionally huge drives of Braid, which are perhaps less noticeable than they would be if he were not consistently so very long. But players who have been more in the habit of playing with Braid than I have been, tell me that you may go along for a while, if you are driving well, tolerably holding your own, or at least not losing much, with him, in the driving; but that just now and again, though the ball appears to be hit very much the same as in previous drives, you will find him away thirty or forty or fifty yards



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FARNDON FERRY.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

blanketed, while the crowd follows at a respectful distance, is a contrast to the other, where a couple are seen in full career, the first dog in the very act of scoring a palpable point, though we rather suspect that puss will afford a further opportunity of scoring before she is killed. It may be urged that coursing is a cruel sport; but, on the other hand, it is almost impossible to divorce sport altogether from cruelty; and humanitarians have this consolation, that the sufferings of a coursed hare last for a very brief period, and it is doubtful whether they are much greater than when the animal is roused from her lair and pursued by a yelping terrier who cannot by any chance come near her. In any case, the hare in a natural state has always been the prey of innumerable foes, and there can be no doubt that if she did not afford sport to mankind she would have become extinct, in this country at least, a very long time ago.

ON THE GREEN.

SCOTLAND seems to have invented a new Mr. Maxwell. It is at least a Mr. Maxwell other than the redoubtable "Bobbie," known to fame, and it is a Mr. Maxwell good enough to tie with Mr. J. E. Laidlay, and to beat him in playing off the tie, for the Tantallon Club medal, or the medal

of one of those many clubs that play on the North Berwick links. This new Mr. Maxwell is, in point of fact, older than the famous Mr. Maxwell, an elder brother, but he comes with a novelty into the class of golf

ahead of you. Mr. Blackwell is Mr. Hilton's type of the player who now and again hits terrific shots, and always hits very long ones. One exceedingly long driver, whom Mr. Hilton has not mentioned, is Mr. Osmund Scott. But it is likely that he has not seen Mr. Scott since he turned into the very long driver that he is, for this only has happened since the amateur championship. At that time he was not extra long; but now he is distinctly and consistently extra long, as I have found by painful experience, and have also been told that in many games with Mr. Norman Hunter at Sunningdale he was always clearly ahead of the latter notoriously long driver when both hit good balls.

This affair of long driving is very subtle, and no one can quite track down its reasons. Occasionally it happens to every man to find himself driving for a few days distinctly further than he ever did before, or perhaps ever will again, and he cannot perceive the slightest difference in any of his methods from those that he has always used. Also it is an unquestioned fact that a longer driver helps to stretch a shorter—that a relatively short driver can manage to get just a little more length when he is playing against a longer, so that the medium driver is apt to find himself very close on the heels of the long driver, and yet to find that he has very little advantage over a driver considered short, when they meet. There are many mysteries about this Royal and Ancient game, besides the eternal mystery about getting the ball into the hole.

The return of spring is being heralded by a fairly big crop of advertisements of professional exhibition matches in the near future. Last year, partly by reason of the Coronation, was not very fruitful in this; but perhaps the present will make full amends.

HORACE HUTCHINSON.

WILD COUNTRY LIFE.

FEBRUARY NIGHTINGALES AND CUCKOOS.

THE stories of nightingales and cuckoos being heard in Mid-February may safely be put down to errors on the part of the listeners. No one who has heard the nightingale often enough to know the essential difference between its characteristic notes and those of every other British songster, can possibly mistake it afterwards; but there is such amazing difference of quality in the music of different song-thrushes that those who are not familiar with the nightingale's song are constantly liable to think that they hear it when a more than usually melodious thrush sings at night. Mistakes about the cuckoo are still more easily made, because anyone can after a little practice imitate its call so well as to deceive the bird itself; and it is always on spring-like days in the very early year that village lads begin to think about the cuckoo, and, suiting vocal action to the thought, they send some guleless listener home full of eagerness to write to the papers about this "very early cuckoo," as "evidence of the abnormal mildness of the season." Of course it is that in a way, because village boys do not begin to think about the cuckoo in February unless the weather is warm.

CANINE VICE.

What we call vices are usually reversions from the restrained life which civilisation demands to the licence of ancient savagery; and the reason why a vice is so hard to eradicate is that it lies so deep in the blood, as it were, springing from roots that grew strong in the ages before man was really human. When, too, civilised man takes to vice, his intellectual powers and material advantages are enlisted in its service, so that he usually goes further and does worse than the most vicious savage. The same rules hold with regard to the conduct of domesticated animals. When a sheep-dog takes to killing sheep or a game-dog to poaching, it is only a reversion to the wild type; but it is a vice which the animals themselves recognise as such, because the extraordinary cunning with which they conduct their nefarious proceedings shows that they know perfectly well that they are doing wrong. I have known a sheep-dog which was such a pattern of proper conduct at work and at home, that everyone was amazed when a long series of nightly murders of sheep was at last brought home to him.

A NAUGHTY RETRIEVER.

I know a black retriever, too, who is as cunning as any human poacher could be, when he goes out to kill hares on his own account. Wandering outside a covert one day I came upon this dog at a bend of the road, trotting along by the hedge with a hare in his mouth. Directly he saw me, he bolted back about twenty yards, and slipped through the hedge. Mounting the bank and peeping over, I saw him hurry along the other side of the hedge for about two hundred yards, pop the dead hare into some herbage, and from that point race in a bee-line across country for his home a mile away. I have no doubt that if I had followed him thither, I should have found him pretending to be the most virtuously domestic animal possible, dozing before the fire with the innocent air of one who had not so much as thought about a hare for weeks.

AN INTERRUPTED HUNT.

A few days ago I heard the barking of a dog in full cry after something, and, looking that way, I saw this same retriever racing across a ploughed field towards the coppice in which I stood. I could not see the hare on the brown ground; but the land was very dry, and little puffs of dust marked its headlong course not many yards in front of the dog. It gained, however, and was a long way ahead when it reached the coppice, emerging almost immediately upon



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STRANGE MYSTERY.
(Winner of the Waterloo Purse.)

"C.L."

the path on which I stood. Up this it raced straight towards me, and, after the manner of hares in flight, did not perceive the human obstacle in front until it nearly ran into me. Then it "jinked" violently to the right and dashed away through the undergrowth. By this time I could hear the dog crashing through the coppice at the other end, and he too emerged almost immediately upon the path. With a yap of delight he took up the scent there, and had just begun to race up the path, when he caught sight of me. He gulped down his second yap half-uttered, turned in his tracks, and fled. Going to the side of the coppice which gave a view of the park, I watched him making a bee-line, as he'dore, for his home, at least two miles off this time. So long as I could keep my field-glasses on him he never checked once in his flight or turned his head.

INSTINCT AND CONSCIENCE.

Now that dog knew perfectly well that he, a retriever, was doing wrong in chasing the hare, but he could not help doing it, and I think that the parallel between his conduct and human indulgence in vice is complete. It was natural for his ancestors to hunt and kill everything that they could, and it was natural for man's ancestors to indulge their animal tastes whenever they could. The training which we have bestowed upon generations of game-dogs acts upon them in the same way as the restraints of centuries of civilisation upon man. It gives them a new hereditary instinct to do right, a conscience, in fact, though when the old wild tastes get the upper hand in any individual's mind, conscience, whether of man or dog, goes to the wall. Gamekeepers will tell you that the very worst sort of "vermin" is a domesticated animal which "goes wrong," and philosophers say much the same thing of civilised man.

THE HUMAN PARALLEL AGAIN.

One other point of interest in the conduct of this dog was the fact that, timid and cunning as his guilty conscience made him, still he could not forego the pleasure of barking loudly in the excitement of the chase, and thus advertising his misdeeds to the neighbourhood. Indeed, at first sight it seems curious that dogs should bark or yelp at all when they are in hottest pursuit of their quarry, and need, one would have thought, every atom of their breath and strength for the work in hand. How silly we should think it in the cat if she galloped meowing loudly after a bolting rat! But here, again, the parallel of man comes in to explain the conduct of the dog. Listen to the babel of voices in the harvest-field when a rabbit makes a bolt for it. "Hi, hi, hi! there she goes! turn her! stop her! Hi, hi, hi!" and so on, all over the field. If the chase is prolonged by the rabbit dodging among the bewildering piles of sheaves, the men are quite hoarse by the time it is finished, though none of them, perhaps, are conscious that they have been shouting. It is the instinct of man, whose ancestors were gregarious animals, hunting in concert, to raise an outcry for the guidance of his comrades when he is in hot pursuit; and, like all the processes of instinct, the shout is uttered almost unconsciously. It is almost part of the act of hunting. The cat, whose ancestors captured their prey by surprise and solitary stealth, makes no sound; but the dog, who hunted gregariously, like man, "gives tongue" when he gets on a hot scent or views the quarry. Sheep-dogs which have taken to sheep-killing are cunning enough as a rule to do their cruel work in silence; and the greyhound and lurcher are types of dog in which man's training has almost eliminated the tendency to bark at exciting moments. The fact that the hare-hunting retriever still yelped in pursuit does not, however, show that he has a very low order of intelligence; for how often did we not all "give ourselves away" in boyhood by indulgence in instinctive but ill-timed shouts when engaged in some fascinating but forbidden game? Thus once more the parallel of man comes in to dignify (?) the conduct of the dog.

A BOOK OF BEASTS AND BIRDS.

A book that will be welcomed by all readers of COUNTRY LIFE is Gambier Bolton's "Book of Beasts and Birds" (London: George Newnes, 5s. net). Mr. Gambier Bolton's reputation as our leading photographic artist of the animal world is not a thing of yesterday, and this little book contains a gallery of pictures representative of many years' successful work with the camera. There are fearsome wild beasts and strange birds, animal oddities and rarities, types of animal motion and a whole gallery of "four-handed folk," besides illustrated chapters on the animals owned by the late Queen Victoria and His Majesty the King and the all-conquering Shire horse. The letterpress is very readable throughout, and, although Mr. Gambier Bolton's science is not so good as his art, it is crammed with interesting facts well and brightly narrated. Especially good are the chapter on the Shire horse and the account of the author's visit to the penguin islands of South Africa.

WATER INSECTS.

Another book which will be appreciated by many readers is a reissue of Professor Miall's "Natural History of Aquatic Insects," by Macmillan and Co. The original edition, which appeared in 1895, contained some errors which subsequent observation and research have corrected, and these corrections are embodied in the present volume. They are mostly slight in character, as, for instance, where the red tinge of the inside of the larva of a gnat is now rightly attributed to its feeding upon the reddish larvae of another gnat, instead of, as was supposed in the first edition, upon the little red worms known as Tubifex. These details will serve to show the extreme care and accuracy of Professor Miall's work—even in the present edition a page of "Additional Notes, 1903," is slipped in after the preface—and those who wish to study and understand the strange life of the weird little insects of the water cannot do better than to get this book, which is plentifully illustrated, and read it from cover to cover.

E. K. R.

HADRIAN'S VILLA AT TIVOLI.

THE erection of the great villa built by the Roman nobles was invariably a task involving a degree of attention and emotion that was in no wise removed from happiness. Nor is it difficult to realise this when wandering around ruins such as those of Hadrian's villa at Tivoli, and placing before our mind's eye the various buildings that once stood there, called into existence and magnificence by the will and taste of the imperial architect and builder. Hadrian had been adopted by the Emperor Trajan, and in A.D. 117 he succeeded that monarch on the throne of the Cæsars. He associated the Antonines with him in his administration, a step of advantage to himself and to the State, for Hadrian was a great traveller, and his long absences from Rome could not have been arranged had he not left someone in his place to carry on the government, and to leave him leisure to pursue his wanderings without let or hindrance.

The excavations that were carried on here between the years 1870 and 1882 have proved of immense advantage in revealing to us the site and arrangement and extent of the villa and its grounds, as well as in bringing to light many treasures that till then were buried beneath the sod. The house, with its accompanying group of buildings, grounds, and gardens, ranged over an area extending from eight to ten square miles, a vast



THE GREAT HALL.

extent when it is borne in mind that this comprised what can only be considered as "pleasure-ground," without allowing anything for farming or forestry. The Emperor, says Spartian, "created a marvel of architecture and landscape gardening; to its different parts he assigned the names of celebrated buildings and localities

—such as the Lyceum, the Academy, the Prytaneum, Canopus, the Stoa Poikilé, and Tempe." Nor was this all; halls, gardens, and porticos belonging to these different seats of learning were attached to each individual building. There were Greek and Latin theatres, a hall of poetry (odeum), a race-course (stadium), an arena for wrestling matches (palæstra), a hippodrome, baths, and numerous temples. Nor was Hadrian content to erect all these edifices on simple lines. Far from it. The whole was conceived in a spirit of grandeur that showed itself in the elaborate execution with which each locality was made to rival the original whence it was taken, while the finish bestowed on every separate part was but in keeping with the primal plan.

The photograph here given of the entrance shows it as it stands at present. A plain iron gateway rises between two high stone pilasters, bearing aloft the royal crown and badge of Italy, and thus denoting the fact that the villa and grounds are now the property of the Italian Government. The splendid cypresses which flank the approach on either side are of a great age, some indeed showing signs of decay, and asking, as it were, to be relieved from their office of sentinels and to be laid in silent repose for ever. The entrance was in keeping with the scheme on which the grounds were laid out. All here savours of the grandiose, and a solemn approach was needed to prepare the visitor for the mysteries which were about to greet him on every side. There was the artificial "Vale of Tempe," leading, in its turn, to the "Elysian Fields." From here, again, "Tartarus" was reached, while a winding stream, known under the name of "Euripus," meandered through these various sites, and almost convinced those who followed its course that their feet trod the classic soil of Greece, and that time and distance, in this spot at least, were but freaks of the imagination. Wandering in a southern direction, we



THE ENTRANCE.

come upon the Greek theatre, whence a glance across the stage reminds us that Tivoli lies in the distance. This theatre is posted on the side of a hill, a practice frequently resorted to by the Romans of old, for in this way accommodation was provided for the audience at small expense, the seats being cut in the hill-side one above the other, so that, this primary labour once accomplished, no further toil was required.

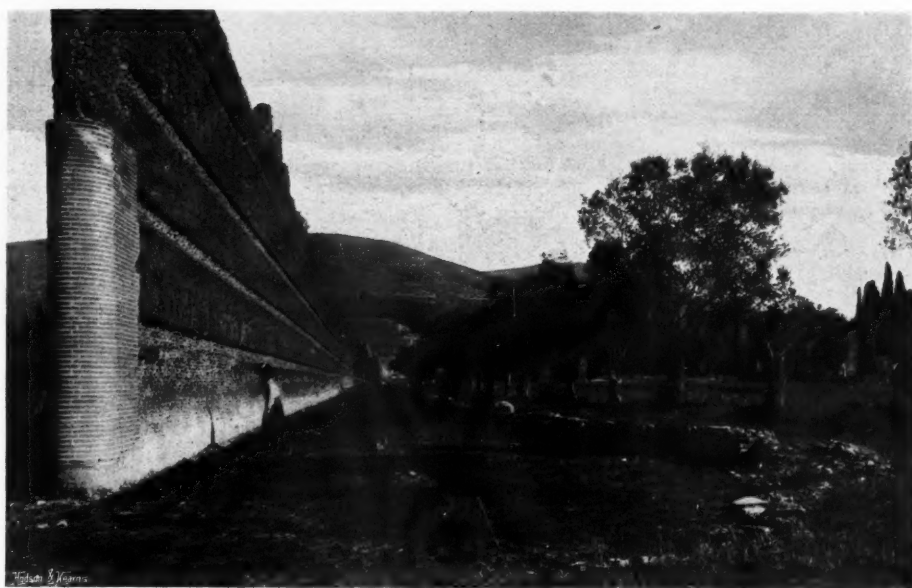
The next subject brought before us is that of the baths, that adjunct without which no Roman villa of any pretension was complete, and whose great luxury and excessive use was said to have been one of the causes which contributed to the decadence of the Latin race. The care and

expenditure lavished on the baths, or "thermæ," by the Romans of old is of a nature to prove that they formed one of the most important features in the habits and fashions of the people, whether of patrician or plebeian rank. A slight sketch of one of these baths may not be out of place here, and may help to bring before our minds the nature of such a building as the one now under consideration. The bathers generally entered into a somewhat spacious chamber, which was known as the "apodyterium," where they made ready for their ablutions. From here, in loose and flowing robes, they would proceed to the

"tepidarium," where, seated in a glow of artificial warmth, they enjoyed the enervating heat of their surroundings, if, that is to say, enjoyment could exist for men who gave themselves up to this form of voluptuousness and ignored all existence save that

of the bath. These men would bathe seven times a day, and either before or after the water-bath would return to the "tepidarium," too listless to speak or move, and only vouchsafing a nod to any friend or acquaintance who entered the chamber, fearful lest they should be called on to undergo the effort or fatigue of talking. The enervation produced by this practice—a practice often resorted to in the pursuit of health—may well have undermined the strongest constitution, and doubtless contributed not a little in demoralising all who indulged in it. Others, again, chose instead to pass into the "sudatorium," the vapour-bath of to-day, where a course of unguents, spices, perfumes, and powders awaited the *habitué* of that form of cleansing.

This description sets before us much of the life actually lived in the Roman villas of old, for the bath was the pivot whereon existence largely hung, and the theatre, the library, the fact even of eating, took in turn their respective interest and colour from the more important occupation of bathing. Another



STOA POIKILE.



THE AQUARIUM.



THE BATHS.

feature in these baths—adverting, at least, to their architectural and decorative side—was that of the pavements. These were generally composed of mosaic, arranged in lovely designs, and rich in the peculiar colours most suited to the tessellated floors laid down in the “*thermæ*.” A ground of white mosaic frequently set off the tints of these designs, and at the same time marked with special emphasis the crimson of the walls and the cornices overhead, which, in their turn, were heavily decorated in bold and classical relief. Many of such pavements are still to be seen at Hadrian’s villa, some of them as perfect as when they were first laid down hundreds of years ago, others only existing in fragments, yet witnessing, even in their decay, to the beauty of bygone days. The original and famous piece of mosaic known as “Pliny’s Doves,” that has been copied in every possible device and material, came from this villa, but whether it formed part of a wall decoration or a pavement does not seem evident. At a little distance from the baths, and on the right-hand side, is the Valley of Canopus, artificially cut in the “*tufo*,” or yellow stone, which abounds in so many parts of Italy. The peculiarity of this stone is that, in order to ensure its durability, it must be cut during the summer months, when it

dries and hardens in such a way as to become well-nigh imperishable. Should it be cut in winter it remains soft and porous, and crumbles away in a short time. It were better perhaps not to enquire too closely into the purposes for which this Valley of Canopus was used. The town of Canopus in Egypt, from which this site took its name, is situated some 120 stadio (about fourteen English miles) distant from Alexandria, at the most western side of the delta of the Nile. A canal ran through the valley, where boats of singing men and women rowed up and down, making the night and day hideous by the unbridled licence of their manners and merriment. The Valley of Canopus at Tivoli, in keeping with its Egyptian prototype, boasted a temple in honour of Serapis. The Emperor ordained that the festival of the god should here be celebrated with all the pomp and ritual due to so revered a deity, and caused the “*Serapeum*” to be adorned with pseudo-Egyptian statues and reliefs. The fine block of buildings containing the “*Serapeum*” was completed by the barracks which were set apart for the *Prætorian Guards*, and beyond these again were the quarters inhabited by the slaves.

Another great edifice is that of the “*Stoa Poikilê*,” or Painted Colonnade, copied from the one at Athens. Adown this

colonnade philosophers would pace to and fro, discoursing to their pupils, and discussing with one another as to the creeds and discoveries that kept their brains active and concerned in the days of yore. The buildings reared by Hadrian around his villa were, as has been said, of every kind and adapted to every purpose. There was the great hall, known as the *Oecus Corinthius*, or the *Corinthian House*, as seen in the first photograph, whose ruins serve even yet to show the size and proportion of the “house,” and where the massive walls are a marvel of solid and skilful masonry. The chief entrance, still showing aloft the outline of a lovely Corinthian capital, acts as the framework for a grand old stone pine standing just beyond it, while the *illexes* and shrubs, growing thick and strong on all sides, add that touch of Nature to the scene which never fails to enhance the beauty of man’s handiwork. Very beautiful again are the fluted marble pillars as shown in the accompanying photograph. The use to which this large circular building was put has yet to be determined. Some declare that it



AN UNDERGROUND PASSAGE.

was an aquarium, others again say it served as a swimming-bath, or for aquatic purposes of some sort, a hypothesis not unlikely, seeing that there was originally an island in the centre on which the swimmers could land and rest, or that could serve as a starting-point for the water jousts and games so much in vogue in olden days.

There is a tradition that the statue of the Venus de Medici, now in the Uffizi Gallery in Florence, came from Hadrian's villa at Tivoli. Indeed it is no hard matter to transplant the statue in fancy back again to surroundings so eminently suited to it as this very aquarium (so-called) would be, where the grace and beauty of the sculptor's art would show to greater advantage than enclosed as now within the walls of the Tribuna. Many other statues came undoubtedly from this villa; the best known being perhaps that of the Faun in "rosso antico" now in the Capitol. Another view shows us how the question of heat could be met and dealt with by the old Romans. This underground passage—

crypto-porticus—was only partially closed in, and through the great openings left on one side a strong shower of spray was spurted upward from the fountains which played on the outside, thus cooling the air and keeping the thick walls moist and fresh, no matter how fiercely the sun beat down during the hot summer months.

One of the most interesting views, perhaps, is the one here given representing a series of small rooms. What, it will be asked, was their purpose? And how came it about that in one of the most luxurious villas of the age a row of cells, suggestive of monks and asceticism, should find a place? No answer is forthcoming, and the imagination has still to find a purpose for these rooms, or cells, or wards, as we may in turn call them. For one surmise is that this was a hospital; and if such was the case, it is evident that the Emperor had made provision for his sick friends or subjects, as well as for those who were intent on pleasure only. It is



THE HOSPITAL.

possible that these small wards would in those days have been considered suitable for the fever patients, who probably formed the majority of cases, or, again, that the large airy spaces, considered so all-important to modern ideas, were not required for the few patients who in those days sought healing and health in a sanatorium.

ALETHEA WIEL.

THE COUNTRY IN FEBRUARY.

EVERY month of the year has its own special character, which becomes associated with its name. In fact, so much is this the case, that one of the most promising of our younger poets holds that the mere repetition of the names of the months of the year is in itself a kind of poem,





J. Coster.

IN THE MARSHES.

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because it raises in the mind a succession of vivid and more or less beautiful pictures. You say June, and at once a smiling landscape rises before you of clover-fields and roses and flowers. You say December, and a vision equally vivid, though very different in character, rises before the mind's eye; the leaves are swept away, leaving the tree branches bare, the river flows between borders of dry rustling reeds, the landscape is bare and dark, or edged with snow. But February always suggests one of the dreariest pictures associated with the names of the months. It comes at the end of winter, when storms have ravished and despoiled the

land of all its autumn splendour, cold icy rivulets run down between bare banks once clothed with herbage, the wayside hedges have not a single green thing about them, but the wind whistles through the hawthorn, just as it whistles through the withered bracken on the hillside. Spring has scarcely thrown out its first premonitions, though here and there, where once a garden grew, the snowdrop and the daffodil put out

their flowers. But this is purely an effect of man's interference. These flowers do not grow wild in England, except in the shape of estrays from a garden. Bits of coltsfoot, our earliest English flower, may indeed be seen along railway lines, on the

willows the first catkins begin to swell, and here and there a tassel in the woodland shows that the time of the singing of birds is not far off. But these signs, though we know them, will have to be diligently sought for. They do not obtrude themselves on the landscape, which remains the dreariest of all the whole year. Even agriculture shows very little sign of spring. In late autumn and early winter a considerable amount of ploughing and sowing is done, and when leaves are withering on the trees preparations for the next spring are going on. But as a rule ploughing is impossible in the month of February. Fields and meadows are,

during its reign, often submerged in water. We remember, indeed, in a northern valley, down which a deep river flows, that the meadows on either side of the stream broaden out into a great lake in February, and pastures that are white with daisies during the flush of the spring lay completely submerged over the greater part of St. Valentine's month. These pictures, taken in the marsh near Eastbourne, remind us very much of that scene. There



J. Coster.

SEEDTIME.

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are withered rushes rising just a little above the water, which lies black and turbid under a stormy February sky. The cow only serves to increase the feeling of desolation. She appears to be wrapped in a mild wonder, no doubt surprised and

disappointed to find that where she expected a bite of herbage there is nothing but moisture. The first picture is even more impressive than the second. No life whatever is visible on it. The marsh does not seem to have attracted ducks or other fowl. The trees are dreary and bare, and the clouds seem to promise unending rain. It was an excellent piece of photography to obtain them, yet, lest the dreary marshland should prove too depressing, we have one more picture to show that February may be considered the last of winter, and that in a few more weeks the husbandman will once more be busy with his spring fields. It is a picture of spring sowing, very charming to look at, though probably the frugal eye of the latter-day farmer would have this criticism to pass upon it—that it is uneconomical to use three horses where two would be quite sufficient, even if they had to be bred somewhat heavier than those which we show. But to the general lover of Nature, of course, reflections such as these do not come.

He only reads in this scene the old promise given when the rainbow was set in the sky that while time remaineth seedtime and harvest shall not cease. Often enough it is very dismal work ploughing in the early weeks of spring. The winds seem to bite more shrewdly than they ever do in winter. The old proverb has it that "as the day lengthens cold strengthens," and March, renowned for the boisterousness of its weather, often brings with it a very chilly breeze. But then it is the season of hope and expectation. Everyone knows and feels that the worst of winter is past, and that every week, henceforth, will bring us nearer and nearer to the glorious summer. Of all operations, that of sowing seed is the one most significant of hope; so that all the dreariness of February has this in its favour, that it is only the deepest darkness that comes just before the dawn—a little longer, and the winter will be over and gone.

THE MAID O' THE MILL.

THE old thatched mill cottage, where in days gone by the miller and his people used to live, now stands by the side of an idle stream.

Fifty or sixty years ago the miller was at the height of his prosperity, and people came from far and near to have their wheat and their barley ground in the old mill. But that was before the Americans began to send so much of their produce to this country, and learned that it was more profitable to grind the corn in the great mills of the United States and despatch the flour over here. Moreover, it was done so cheaply, that the English farmer no longer could make a profit; people went to shops and bought American flour more cheaply than they could buy English flour, and the business of the mill fell away. At first running the mill for only two or three days a week was tried, then it came down to one day a week, and at last the poor old miller, broken-hearted and penniless, was obliged to give it up altogether. The mill wheel stopped, rats took possession of the granaries, and the great stone steps became green with moss; but the cottage was a comfortable one, and as it happened that the number of houses in the district was too small for the number of inhabitants, there was great competition to get possession of it, for it was larger than the ordinary cottage. Dairy farming, too, became the most popular calling in the district, and the shrewd small holder very well knows the advantages of water, not for adulterating milk, he it said, but



E. Tomlinson.

THE MILL COTTAGE.

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for the constant washing and scrubbing necessary to keep a dairy clean and wholesome. So the wheel of the mill stopped for ever, and when the dam itself gave way and let the water soak through it, no one took the trouble to mend it, and the ducks had the stream all to themselves.

The man who got the cottage was a sturdy example of British peasantry, a man of fifty, or "by'r lady" he might be three-score. Time had dealt very gently with this sturdy figure, and no one seeing him with a great fork full of hay on his strong back would have said he was yet past the prime of life. He was a quiet, shrewd, hard-headed man, who looked after his business and paid little heed to his neighbours. He had lost his wife early in life, and his house-keeper and general factotum was his very pretty daughter Matty. All round the neighbourhood it was known that she was the most delightful, neat, tidy, and clever girl, either in that parish or the next one. When she went milking in her sun-bonnet, with her stool in one hand and her pail in the other, even the old men smiled with gladness, and she looked equally bright and attractive when busy with the work of the cottage.

The only labourer kept at the mill-house was a sturdy young man of five-and-twenty, who, when he saw Matty returning from the fields with her apron full of wild flowers, suddenly bethought him how pleasant it would be to have a house of his own, a fireside where he was king, and a pleasant face



E. Tomlinson.

FODDER.

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like that to welcome him when he came home from his work. He often saw her thus, as she was very fond of flowers, and in their due season gathered daisies, primroses, daffodils, and wild roses, till the homely kitchen blossomed as the rose, and every time she came home William felt the same sensation. It made him extremely kind to her, and she was both surprised and pleased to find that when she went out to milk the old shorthorn, he took the stool and the pail and did the work, while she had nothing to do except stand by the head of her favourite and caress it. She would not allow him to speak while he was engaged in this task, and so anyone passing saw what they supposed to be a milker busily engaged at his work, while the pretty girl looked on, and they said it was just the way of modern girls, for in the old times all the milking was done by women, but now they are too proud



A. Tomlinson.

THE MILKMAID.

Copyright

to undertake such homely labour, and leave it to men. But this was not the case with Matty; she had none of that sort of pride, and, moreover, she was so little self-conscious, thought so little of herself and her own feelings, that she never dreamed of William having any motive for his kindness.

Thus for many months things went on quite pleasantly. Like most rustic wooers, he was very quiet and undemonstrative, and, indeed, it is mostly in the novels and stage-plays that a man tells a woman he loves her, or talks the impassioned sentiment with which we are all familiar. What William did speak about



E. Tomlinson.

RUSTIC COURTSHIP.

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was the weather and the crops, and how a large turnip was growing in one field, and he had seen so many pheasants and hares in another. Perhaps he thought that this was the conventional and proper way of recommending himself to a young lady's affection, and in process of time his friendliness to her increased; but to his dismay, as he became demonstrative, she began to be coy and distant. She no longer met him with the happy unconsciousness of previous days, but began to think of means of escape when he was in the neighbourhood. Naturally enough this made him desperate, and his head was engaged daily with simple schemes for bringing her to favour his conversation. It happened at last that he obtained his desire, though a moment after he regretted it. Up in the mill there was still a kind of grain used for food for the poultry and cows, and it was Matty's daily business to go up and bring down supplies for her father's livestock. He knew this, and after many a tempts, which were frustrated by

an absurd diffidence that came over him just at the critical moment, he one day screwed up his courage so far as to wait at the bottom of the steps till she came down. The conversation that passed between them was never known to anybody but themselves, and so, unfortunately, we cannot repeat it for the edification of others who may be engaged in rural courtship. But Matty was a downright, plain-spoken young lady, and she let him know that he had been under a misapprehension. She



E. Tomlinson.

MILKING-TIME.

Copyright

had never dreamed of courtship at the time, and she was ready to cry when she saw the grief depicted on his face. However, all the persuasion in the world could not induce her to alter her mind; and if you want to know the reason, you will find it in the last picture of our series.

Since the day of his birth it is known that Cupid always has been a blind little god, and accustomed to play the most sprightly tricks with human hearts. The very thing in Matty's life that first charmed the man at the mill was also the cause of her coming under a very similar spell. For when wandering out in search of wild flowers over and over again she had seen in the fields a figure that appealed to her imagination. It was not a very handsome nor very striking one, not the sort one would associate with the prince in disguise, but only that of a simple and quiet labourer; but he lived in the fields most of his time and loved them, for he was a follower of a very old calling—that of a keeper of sheep. With his dog at his heels he seemed to be ever among the white flocks, feeding and attending them at all the different seasons. But she particularly liked to see him in early spring, when, before the first flowers appeared, the little lambs came. They, with their small bodies and long legs, appeared so fragile just when they were born as to appeal to her compassion, and the shepherd lad always showed to best advantage then, because no woman could have dealt with a baby more tenderly and kindly than he did with the younglings of his flock. You see him in the picture with a little black-faced Hampshire lamb in his arms,

and his bob-tailed sheepdog at his heels, carrying the poor thing to the hospital, where the weaker lambs are attended to and cared for till they are able to roam about and follow their mothers to the field or pasture. Then, even in his leisure, he followed the pursuits that she loved, for he was entirely in the open air, and his learning was all about winds and the clouds and the skies, the birds and the flowers. He knew when all the last-mentioned should appear and reckoned the seasons from them. Sometimes when she was out seeking a garland to place in her quiet home he would come and show her where the flowers were prettier. He knew where the lily of the valley grew wild; where the choice primroses were to be found; what field produced the earliest cowslips; in what meadows grew the wild orchid. Nor could he help her to get these things without entering into

some sort of conversation; and she found that, unlearned and humble as he was, his mind had that natural gentleness and fineness that come only with birth. But there was no love-making between them, and it was not till William proposed to

her at the foot of the stairs that even in her own mind she dreamed of the shepherd. The next time they met she could not help blushing and looking awkward, and this, like a disease, was communicated to him, and they both blushed and looked awkward, and the end Well, the end came with the ringing of the church bells for a wedding. But William departed to a far land, and is still a bachelor.



E. Tomlinson.

THE REFUSAL.

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berlain's recent statement to the Town Council of Johannesburg that he favoured the municipilisation of the drink traffic. In the Transvaal the trust principle has already been adopted in an ordinance of the Legislature. The committee point out that the custom of magistrates exacting the surrender of old licences in exchange for new ones practically leaves the acquisition of new licences to one or two local firms of brewers, to whom the

existing houses in the district are tied, and who have already monopolised its drink traffic. They are not in favour of keeping alive superfluous licences, and make no criticism on the action of the magistrates this year, who have suppressed so many. They seem to be working better than formerly with the teetotallers; and no doubt the new party of semi-teetotallers is closely in touch with them. Earl Grey deserves to be congratulated on the introduction of a system that bids fair to become a very considerable in-

fluence in the way of reducing the drink traffic. We are not so sanguine as to believe that by itself it is likely to accomplish all that is desired, but considered as one agency amongst a great many, it falls into its place.

PUBLIC-HOUSE TRUSTS.

EARL GREY has just issued the second annual report of the Executive Committee of the Central Public-house Trust Association, of which he is president. From it we gather that the past year has been a very active one, so active, in fact, as to suggest that magistrates, instead of arbitrarily suppressing licences, might have done better to place more confidence in this trust and the operation of the Drunkards' Act. It seems that thirty-seven trust companies have been formed, of which twenty-seven are in England and Wales, nine in Scotland, and one in Ireland. Altogether over seventy public-houses are now under trust management, and a very large number more will be taken over when the present tenancy expires. The report is less remarkable for its figures than for its statements of policy. In noticing the progress of the movement in the Colonies the report closes with Mr. Cham-



A. Tomlinson.

THE SHEPHERD LAD.

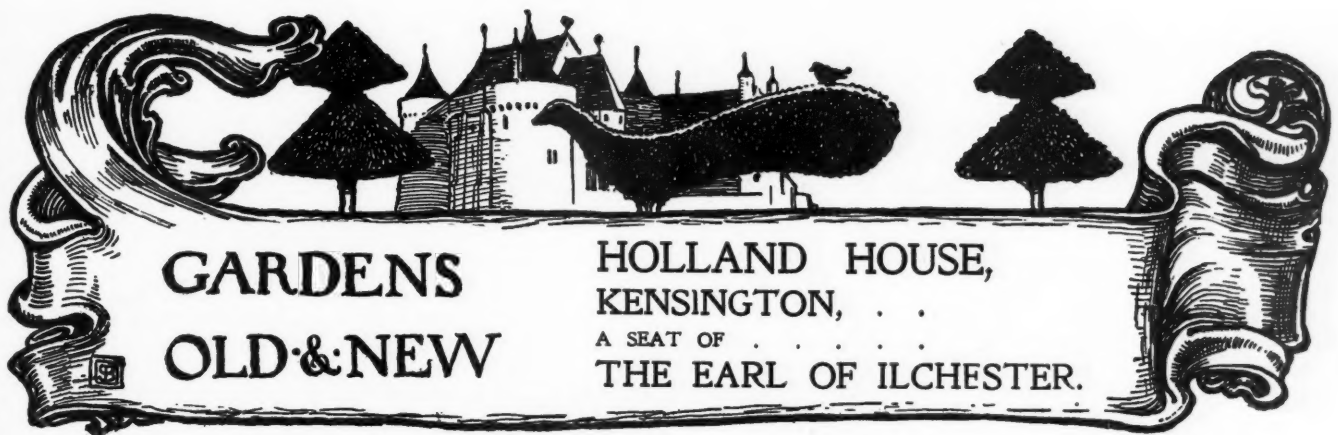
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HOLLAND HOUSE: THE BAY, SOUTH FRONT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



MANY are those travelling westward on the tops of metropolitan omnibuses when the winds of autumn have blown who catch sight through the screen of trees of the majestic house of the Earl of Ilchester, that pride of the "old Court suburb," which is so noble a monument of architecture, and which occupies such a high place in our literary and social annals. Many are the memories that cling to that old-world structure, standing as an exemplar of past times in the very midst of present-day things. There has long been an apprehension that the flood of the metropolis, everywhere rising and spreading, would at length engulf even Holland House, and make it a place known to memory and to history only. Macaulay long since made a gloomy prophecy: "The wonderful city may soon displace those turrets and gardens which are associated with so much that is interesting and noble—with the courtly magnificence of Rich, with the loves of Ormonde, with the councils of Cromwell, with the death of Addison." Holland House, with all its architectural splendour and the beauty of its terraced gardens

and its long avenues, is no longer shown to the public. The noble owner perhaps rightly judges that so precious a possession would be desecrated by the invasion of the crowd. Therefore, the more welcome should be the superb pictures of the great house and its surroundings which are published here. Never has Holland House been so finely depicted before.

Holland House is the great feature of Kensington, with which, in its origin and history, it has been closely identified. Its gardens are something of an oasis in the surroundings of bricks and mortar, but to look at them one would say that they belonged to some ancient place deep buried in the shires. The builder was Sir Walter Cope, a gentleman of distinguished descent, who rose to wealth and prominence in the days of James I. It was a time when the opulent merchants of Elizabeth's day came to new dignity, and Sir Walter Cope, though better descended than some of them, was in many ways typical of his time. His family had been seated at Hanwell, near Banbury, where, says Leland, they had a "very pleasant and gallant house." Sir Anthony Cope of Bramshill, created a



baronet in 1611, was a descendant. Sir Walter, somewhat vaguely described as "of the Strand," possessed at one time or other nearly the whole of the parish of Kensington. He had risen rapidly, had become a gentleman of the Privy Chamber, and had held many offices both of honour and profit, from the emoluments of which he was enabled to purchase land in a locality of which he appears to have discerned the distant future. In the parochial annals his wealth and influence are constantly traced.

The architect of Cope's splendid "castle" was the famous John Thorpe, and the design is still preserved in Sir John Soane's Museum. Cope was living at the time at a house known as the "Moats," and was able to superintend the work and to lay out the grounds, which he had secured with the Abbot of Abingdon's manor there. As very often happened, he built that others might enjoy, and, when he died in 1614, the place was far from being complete. The building went on, in fact, though no doubt with intermission, for some forty years after his death. His part of the structure is the central portion, of red brick, with ornamental gables. In his will he left the estate to Dame Dorothy his wife, to hold so long as she remained single, and his description of it is interesting, because it suggests how his "castle" stood amid its surroundings. He describes "all edifices, houses, barns, stables, gardens, orchards, yards, and courtyards within the circuit of the utmost brick wall of the said house." The lady enjoyed the estate for some seven years after her husband's death, but at the expiration of that period she married Sir Thomas Fowler, and her connection with it ceased.

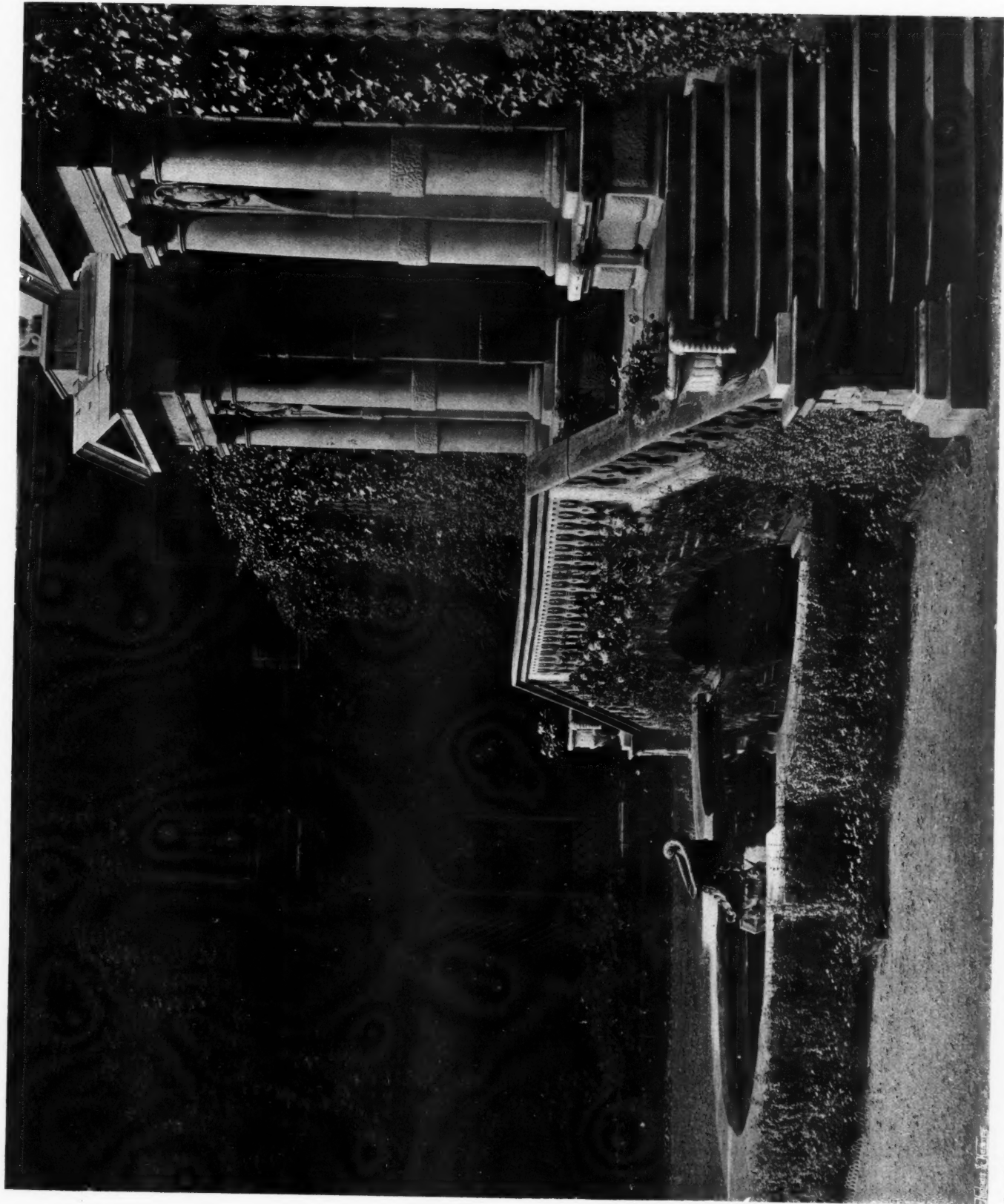
The mansion then went to the husband of Isabel, sole daughter and heiress of her father, who, in his lifetime, had married Sir Henry Rich, younger son of Robert Rich, Earl of Warwick. The new possessor continued the work upon Holland House, and in his time it would appear that the two wings, with the arcades, which are so noble and attractive a feature of the place, were added. The design is attributed to Inigo Jones, and it is certain that he was engaged upon the structure, for the old water gate, which groups so finely with its surroundings, and is so good in classic character and detail, is from his design. The arcade and terrace frontage to the enclosed forecourt is not surpassed in England for beauty and richness of detail. It will be observed that the ornamental cresting is based upon the pattern of the fleur-de-lys, from the arms of the Riches. The

delicate work bestowed upon the enrichment of these additions to Holland House will not escape those who have our pictures before them. The whole composition is indeed most attractive, and with the ivy and flowering climbers which cling to the old stonework the effect is truly superb. Nothing could exceed the fine character of the ornamental terrace wall, with its perforated stonework and the admirable vases which now adorn it.

Sir Henry Rich, to whom much of Holland House is due in its lighter and more graceful features, was created Lord Kensington in 1622, and Earl of Holland in 1644. He was also a Knight of the Garter, and became a very remarkable man in his time, although he faltered much in his principles and his end was disaster. Upon his returning from the Dutch Wars James I. heaped honours upon him. In 1639 he was made Lord-General of the Horse in the Scottish War, but two years later seceded to the Parliament, and the Cromwellian leaders met at his house, which by this time had acquired the name it has ever since borne. He rejoined the King in 1643, and fought with considerable bravery in the first battle of Newbury, but, finding himself coldly received, again deserted to the enemy. In 1648, however, he wavered, and made a feeble demonstration on the part of Charles, being taken by the Parliamentary forces in the fight at St. Neot's. He was despatched to Warwick, and afterwards to London, being tried by the same court which had administered its cruel justice to the King. The Earl appealed to the House of Commons, but his petition was refused, and he was condemned. He appeared on the scaffold in front of Westminster Hall, clad in a white satin dress, with something of the foppery that had always characterised him. He behaved with dignity, blessed the people, laid his head upon the block, and gave the signal for the axe to fall. "Such," says Miss Fox, "was the end of Henry Rich, first Earl of Holland, who owed Holland House to his wife, and to whom Holland House owes its name."

After the execution of the Earl, his house came for a time into the possession of the Parliamentary generals, and Fairfax and Lambert were there. It is stated that on the lawn Cromwell and Ireton discussed their projects of military rule and government. The Earl's widow soon returned, however, with her numerous family, and continued to improve the place, her





THE WATER GATE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

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THE SOUTH-WEST CORNER.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

residence there being marked by her name on a stone with the date 1654. It is said that the disconsolate widow solaced her loneliness by indulging here in theatricals, which were strictly banned by the Puritan Government. Her eldest son succeeded to the estate on her death in 1655, and eventually to his father's title of Earl of Holland, and to his grandfather's of Earl of Warwick. By this time Holland House had assumed much of the character which it still possesses, and the quaint aspect of its gardens is a reminiscence of that day. There existed, no doubt, ancient trees, but, as we shall see, much planting was conducted at a somewhat later period.

The widow of the third Earl married Joseph Addison, and thus its literary associations may be said to have begun. The great writer was by this time a well-known politician. Upon the death of Queen Anne he had acted for a time as Secretary to the Regency, and had been a Commissioner for Trade and Colonies. He married the dowager countess in 1716, and apparently had had charge of the education of her young son, with whom some of his correspondence is preserved, at an earlier date. The marriage was not a very happy one, according to the gossip of the times, but doubtless Addison was

gratified with the amenities of the abode and the calm of its beautiful gardens. Johnson says of his marriage that it was "on terms very much like those on which a Turkish princess is espoused, to whom the Sultan is said to pronounce, 'Daughter, I give thee this man for thy slave.'" The wits made busy with the rumoured infelicity of the writer and his spouse, and one said that, though Holland House was very large, it was not large enough for the Countess and Addison with one guest named Peace. However, when Addison died, he left to his widow all he possessed. He passed away in what is now the dining-room on the first floor, looking north over the gardens and park. Tickell, in verse on the death of Addison addressed to the Earl of Warwick and Holland, the

writer's stepson, described the character of the grounds:

"How sweet were
once thy prospects fresh and
fair,
Thy sloping walks
and unpolluted
air.
How sweet the
gloom beneath
thy aged trees,
Thy noontide
shadow, and thy
evening breeze."

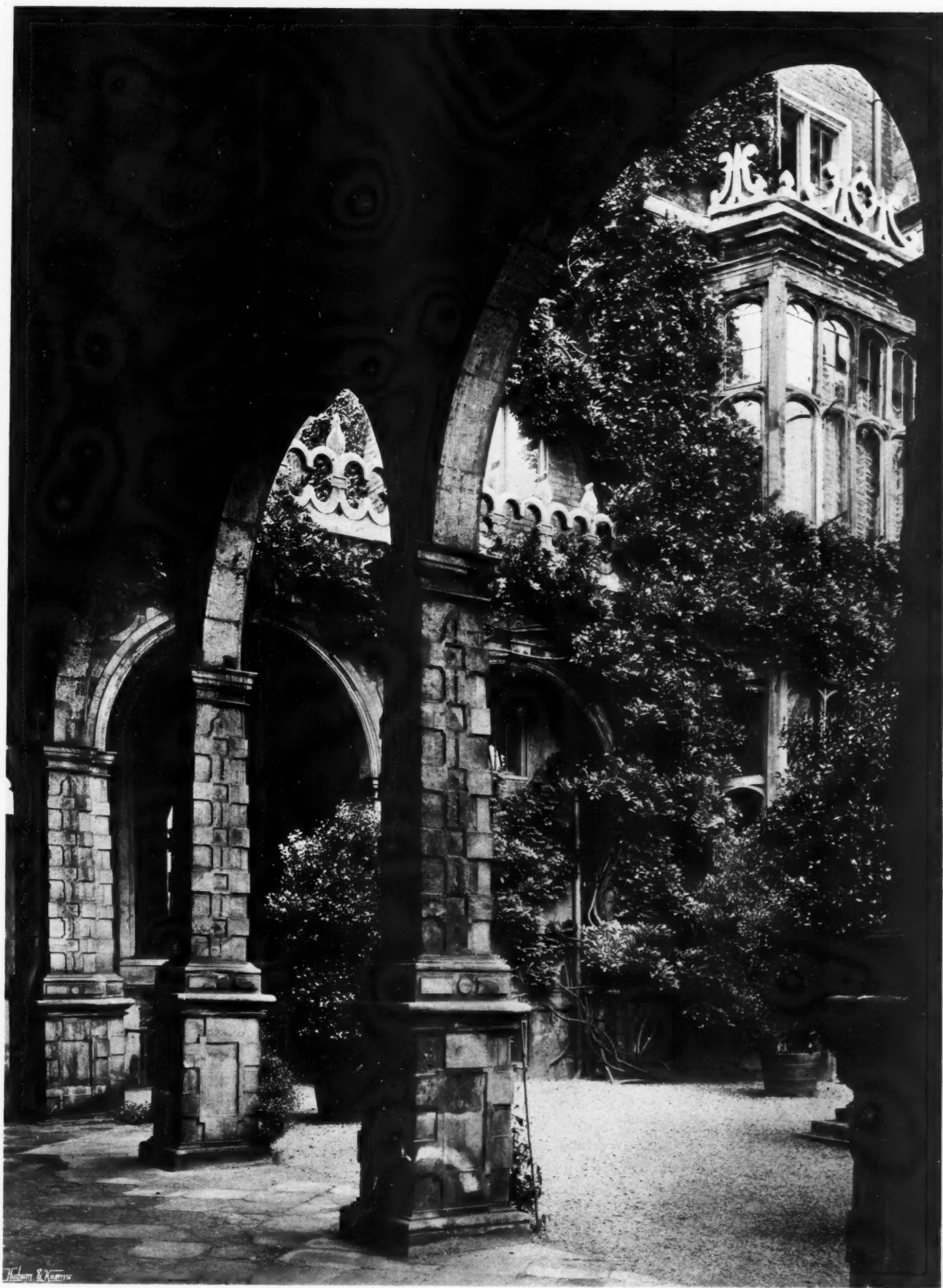
The young lord did not long survive his kindly stepfather, for he died within the space of two years, at the age of twenty-four, when the title and estate passed to a cousin, Edward Rich, the grandson of Cope Rich,



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THE FORMAL GARDEN.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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THE WEST CLOISTER.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

younger brother of an earlier Earl of Warwick and Holland. The seventh Earl of Warwick was the last of his line to hold the estate or the title. Holland House passed to a cousin, Mr. William Edwardes, who was created Lord Kensington. The house had been let to Henry Fox, son of Sir Stephen Fox, and was eventually purchased by him. It had been frequently let in earlier times, and had been occupied by William Penn, and by Pope's "down-right Shippen,"

whom Walpole could not bribe. The new possessor of the famous estate, like his predecessors in the place, rose to distinction and wealth. He held lucrative posts under the Government, was Paymaster-General of the Forces under George II., and was raised to the peerage as Lord Holland in 1763, while his brother Stephen had been made Earl of Lichester in 1756.

Henry Fox, the first Lord Holland, married Caroline, daughter of Charles, second Duke of Richmond. It was a love match, and her parents did not approve it. The lady, however, was equal to the occasion, and is said to have disfigured herself by cutting off her eyebrows, and, taking advantage of the temporary seclusion, to have slipped away with her handsome

lover. She had already been made Lady Holland, and when Fox himself was raised to the peerage he took the same title. The first Lord Holland was, as all the world knows, a great politician. He was always regarded as a Whig of the Whigs, but had joined Lord Bute in his attack on the party, and is said to have deliberately set to work to buy a majority in the House, his paymaster's office becoming a shop for the purchase of votes. It has

even been asserted that £25,000 was thus expended in one morning.

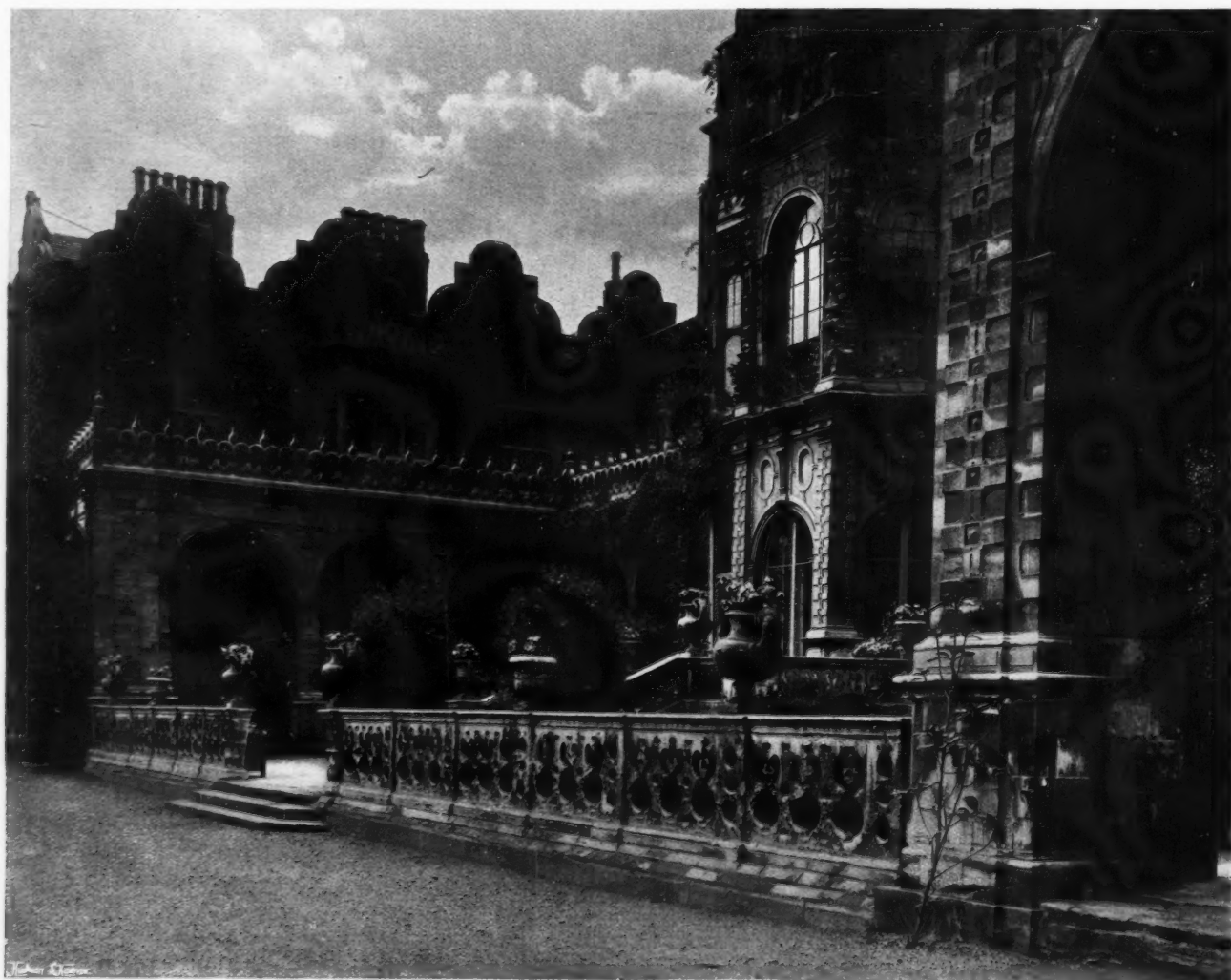
It is interesting to know that when Holland House came into the possession of the politician it was further beautified and adorned. The terrace garden had been there in older times, but to the ancient elms and sycamores many trees were added, and the work was carried out under the care of one whose judgment and success have given him a high place in the history of gardens—the Hon. Charles Hamilton, who had imbibed the spirit of that school which Kent began. The gardens at Stowe, Esher, and Claremont were the patterns upon which many other grounds were laid out, and Mr. Hamilton's house at Pain's Hill, near Weybridge in Surrey, was esteemed to exceed in point of taste,



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THE BOX GARDEN TERRACE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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THE SOUTH TERRACE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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THE OLD GARDEN.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

variety, and extent anything that Kent had achieved. Mr. Hamilton was a friend of Lord Holland's, and appears to have suggested to him the improvement of the grounds at Holland House. The oaks scattered over the park are attributed to him, and a still higher proof of his taste was the long green walk which had been an open lawn in former times, but was turfed and planted. It formed a beautiful glade, which was the favourite haunt of Charles James Fox, the brilliant younger son of Lord Holland, who loved the place and ever treasured its beauties in his memory.

It may here be said that the gardens near the house are laid out in a parterre, with quaint formality and beautiful character in its green edgings, and pienteous growth of flowers. There is fine and characteristic statuary, and there are leaden vases and choice adornments not surpassed in any other garden. That the garden architecture is superb will be seen from our pictures. At the end of the beautiful flower garden stands an alcove on an elevated terrace, and here are two lines in honour of Samuel Rogers, who loved the spot:

"Here Rogers sat, and here for ever dwell
To me those pleasures that he sings
so well."

There are hedges of hornbeam and box. As one writer has said, every turn is a picture. Art has combined with Nature to make it so, and has never intruded upon Nature. The raised terrace, "like some of those which belong to old Genoese palaces," leads from the house high among the branches of the trees to the end of the flower garden, where a line of arches festooned with

creepers—a picturesque relic of the old stables—forms the background. The old garden enframèd between high hedges and walls, over which look majestic trees, is delightful in the richness of its character and the quaint attractiveness of its arrangement. There is also a Japanese garden, with an artistic naturalness, in which lilies, yuccas, bamboos, and other things of like character flourish. The orangery is older, and the trees in their fine tubs are notable specimens.

But the reference to Mr. Hamilton's work at Holland House, which has led us to speak of the general character of the grounds and gardens, as a supplement to the pictures, has caused us to anticipate somewhat in our historical glance at the many memories of the place.

The first Lord Holland and his wife both died in the month of July, 1774, and in the December of the same year their son Stephen, second Lord Holland, followed them to the grave. The third lord, who in later years became the famous Lord Holland, was then an infant, one year old. He grew to distinction in the State, and effected a practical renovation of Holland House. In 1798 his Parliamentary career began, and during the whole of it he maintained the views and principles of his uncle, Charles James Fox, and on the death of Fox entered the Cabinet. He was present in the Peninsula during part of the war, and on his return to England in 1809 became a follower of Canning. In his time Holland House assumed a new interest as the centre of a great literary and political coterie, and was the resort of Whig orators and politicians.



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THE ARMILLARY SPHERE.

"C.L."



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PART OF THE ORANGERY.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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THE JAPANESE GARDEN.

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LILIES IN THE JAPANESE GARDEN.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Here came Macaulay, Smith, Sheridan, Burke, Erskine, Thurlow, Brougham, Wyndham, Byron, Moore, and many of the wits and writers, Talleyrand, Humboldt, Mme. de Staël, and other celebrities unnumbered. The hospitality was ungrudging, and many were the distinguished men who discussed the affairs of State and the conditions of literature in those antique chambers and those radiant gardens. Comparatively few were the women who went there, for they had not forgiven Lady Holland for her desertion of her first husband, Sir Godfrey Webster, with whom her marriage was dissolved. She was a lady of great taste and judgment, and the gardens of Holland House were much improved under her direction.

Lord Holland died in 1840, and was succeeded by his son, the fourth lord, who died without issue in 1859, upon which the estate came to the Earl of Ilchester, descended from Stephen, brother of the first Lord Holland.

Such has been the history of the famous house at Kensington, and we have seen in some measure how it was beautified and adorned with those lovely gardens which we depict. It is a great thing indeed that such a pleasance should remain in the London of the present day, and that the privileged can walk in the long avenues and by the fish-ponds of a former time. Almost at every step there is something to remind one of the great men who have visited the place—artists, architects, poets, and statesmen. The work of Thorpe and of Inigo Jones is before us in stone; the seat that Rogers loved is there; the gardens in which Addison walked, the avenues that were dear to the honest, manly, eloquent Whig politician, who was an example to his times, are among the many things that invest Holland House and its grounds with surpassing interest.

Trotter recalls how Charles James Fox, in shattered health and attacked by the approaches of dissolution, visited the gardens with emotion. "He looked around him the last day he was there with a farewell tenderness that struck me very much. It was the place where he had spent his youthful days; every lawn, every garden, tree, and walk were viewed by him with peculiar affection. He pointed out the beauties to me, and he particularly showed me a green avenue which his mother, the late Lady Holland, had made by shutting up the road. He was a very exquisite judge of the picturesque, and had mentioned to me how beautiful this road had become since it was converted into an alley." It was doubtless the alley which had been formed at the suggestion of Mr. Hamilton, as we have mentioned.

With some such feelings as those of the great Whig statesman must we look upon the grounds of Holland House. They have memories for us, even as, more intimately, they had for him, and it is scarcely possible to stifle a fear that some day the world may take its farewell look upon all the splendours which he admired. Yet we may hope that for long years to come Holland House may be spared from the dangers which have threatened and finally destroyed many great houses of ancient fame in and near London town.

IN THE GARDEN.

JOURNAL OF THE ROYAL HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.

THE quarterly journal issued by the Royal Horticultural Society is eagerly looked forward to by all interested in gardens, whether regarded from the scientific or practical standpoint. The volume just issued is one of the most interesting that has appeared, because it contains the valuable papers read at the Conference on Roses in connection with the Holland Park Show last year. The Conference was opened by the Very Rev. the Dean of Rochester, president of the National Rose Society, who made the following happy remarks; "My lords, ladies, and gentlemen, by an opportune and happy arrangement for which we are indebted to the Royal Horticultural Society, the Queen of Flowers, with her lovely ladies in waiting and chief officers of her court, has come to London in honour of the Coronation of the Queen of England. There is a charming resemblance between these royal sisters—both beautiful and alike beloved. None doubt their royal supremacy. I can just remember a time when the Champion of England rode forth and threw down his glove as a challenge to all comers who should deny the claims of the rightful heir to the throne. In this case either Queen is 'monarch of all she surveys; her right there is none to dispute.' For a combination of all that is excellent in a flower—form, colour, and fragrance—the Rose 'brooks no rival near her throne.' She receives universal homage. I know that the King himself has ordered many thousand plants of one variety, *Hermosa*, for the royal garden at Windsor, and from peer to peasant, millionaire to mechanic, she reigns in loving hearts. Hesters of wood and drawers of water grow Roses in perfection as well as the lord of the forest and the lady of the lake. She is as bountiful as beautiful, and no other flower competes with her in abundance or endurance. Easily forced under glass, we have Roses *al fresco* from May to December. I have been credibly informed that on more than one occasion at Christmastide the royal table at Sandringham has been decorated with the Rose of which I have spoken, *Hermosa*, gathered in the open ground. And where shall we find such variety in form, from *Perle d'Or* to *Paul Néron*, *Cécile* to *Ulrich Brunner*, *Aglaia* to *Maréchal Niel*, or in colour from *Niphetos* to *Prince Camille de Rohan*? You will forgive my enthusiasm. . . ." The papers read at that Conference and published in the current issue of the Journal are upon many phases of Rose lore, and freely illustrated. At the recent annual meeting of the Royal Horticultural Society the president, Sir Trevor Lawrence, Bart., made particular mention of the good work of the secretary and editor, the Rev. W. Wilks, through whose efforts the Journal was not only restored, but so immensely improved.

KELWAY'S MANUAL.

"The Manual of Horticulture" issued each spring by the well-known firm of Messrs. Kelway and Son of Langport, Somerset, is always welcome. The number for 1903 contains the usual excellent information, and is in fact a gardening book of great value and interest, the coloured plate of new tree peonies forming a very pretty frontispiece. It is freely illustrated with many portraits of plants, as well as of fruits and vegetables.

COMMERCIAL FRUIT CULTURE AT THE CAPE.

At the recent annual meeting of the Horticultural Club, Mr. Pickstone, in replying to the toast of the "Visitors," made some interesting remarks about the importation of fruit from the Cape, the Japanese Plum in particular, fruits of which formed part of the dessert at dinner. Mr. Pickstone has promised to read a paper at the March meeting of the club on this important subject, and as he has much to do with the late Mr. Cecil Rhodes's fruit farms in South Africa, his remarks should be of great interest to the many who appreciate good fruit all the year round. The Plums on the table had come from the Cape through San Francisco, and when the cases were opened the fruit was as fresh as if gathered from a tree not a mile from Charing Cross. The Horticultural Club has its headquarters at the Hotel Windsor, Victoria Street, London.

SOME INTERESTING HARDY FLOWERS.

Helianthus (*Perennial Sunflower*) *H. G. Moon*.—This is quite one of the best of the Perennial Sunflowers for gardens; it is very free, each stem bearing a profusion of prettily-shaped flowers of charming yellow colouring, approaching a lemon tint at the tips of the petals, and passing to a rich gold near the base to form a zone surrounding the small olive green centre. The petals are long and narrow, and their surfaces are neatly plicated. Each flower is 6in. across. The foliage is narrower than that of most *Helianthus*es, and the plant has a loose habit, rendering the support of a few branching stakes necessary. One of its best features is its comparatively low stature—5ft. is about the maximum—and each flower can be seen without trouble, while the plants do not make the familiar

underground runners so freely as *H. Miss Mellish* and the Rev. Wolley Dod's variety, and on this account the plant need not be disturbed more than is absolutely necessary. Owing to the dearth of runners the true plant is still scarce, and likely to long remain so.

Potentilla nepalensis.—This is a pretty plant, either for rockeries or for the border. Though the flowers are not so large as those of many garden *Potentillas*, being slightly less than an inch across, they are freely produced, and their colour—a deep cherry red—is very brilliant, against the ring of yellow anthers surrounding the royal purple stigmas. The inflorescences are rather straggling, ramifying in all directions from the plant itself, and on this account it is advisable to plant in clumps of six to eight, 4in. between each two plants, so that one inflorescence can support the other. Grown thus, its lax habit is corrected, and the effect is greatly enhanced. Many of the *Potentillas*, *Gracilis*, and kindred plants are much more effective in clumps of several than as isolated specimens.

Delphinium Zaili (*D. sulphureum*).—This Larkspur is so delightfully free, and the colour so charming, that one feels well repaid for the little trouble it gives in raising a stock. Some growers find that it dies after flowering—due doubtless to exhaustion in light soils; but with the writer it lives indefinitely in a wet but well-worked clay if plants that have flowered are lifted and the fusiform roots divided, leaving one or two eyes on each, such as one would do with border *Delphiniums* in propagation. The habit of the plant is that of a

giant annual Larkspur; it grows 5ft. high, has at least twenty branches, and each branch produces about thirty flowers, or 600 in the aggregate. They average 1½in. across, are coloured a bright shade of sulphur yellow, and all the segments are tipped with green, whilst those proceeding from the spur of the flower have a patch of orange. Seedlings vary so much in colour, size of flower, and other points of garden value, that one may hope to see a greatly improved strain before long, produced by rigidly selecting the best types only for seed production. Though one plant in flower is beautiful, a colony of half-a-dozen gives one the best impression of its worth. The only difficulty attending the cultivation of this plant is in raising it from seeds. These should be sown in deep boxes, and placed in a somewhat shady position for the first year, dibbling the youngsters out in positions where they are to flower in the following spring just as they are resuming growth. One needs a deep, well-worked soil for growing fine specimens.

Gaura Lindheimeri.—This is not quite hardy in all districts, but should not be valued less on that account. It is one of the prettiest of summer-flowering border plants. It makes a loose, elegant, branching tuft of twiggy growths 2½ft. high—not unlike that of the common *Broomrape* habit—and bears countless pure white, occasionally rose-tinted, flowers on branched spikes throughout autumn. Each flower spans 1in. across, and though, like all the flowers of this order, they are fleeting, a quantity is produced. It likes a warm position in districts where it is required to stand the winter, but in cold counties and for better effect, plant it in a shady place, where individual flowers would last much longer than they would do if the sun had access to them. In such positions, however, it is necessary to lift the plants when frosts have checked their growth, and, after drying for a day or two, store them in a pot of soil in a sheltered frame, as one would do culinary roots. Artificial heating is both unnecessary and detrimental, for the plants would resume growth before they were fit to plant out.



Richard N. Speaight,

178, Regent Street.

LADY ROSEMARY SUTHERLAND-LEVESON-GOWER.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

MR. WILLIAM ARKWRIGHT has added a classic to the books on sport in his *The Pointer and His Predecessor*. To his history of the pointer he has brought an ample equipment of enthusiasm, practical knowledge, patient research, and common-sense. He writes in a pleasant and lucid style, and he has embodied his chapters in a splendid volume of large quarto, beautifully printed on fine paper, well bound, and illustrated by thirty-nine plates in photogravure, from a carefully-chosen series of original pictures, illustrating the breed of dogs of which the book treats, from the earliest paintings till to-day. The plates begin with a sketch of a white pointer, made by Pisanello (A.D. 1380—1446), from the museum of the Louvre, Paris, and close with one by Miss Maud Earl of a brace of exquisite black English pointers, painted in 1901.

Shooting over dogs, if the dogs themselves are of high

quality and sagacity and perfectly trained, and the ground is suitable and game fairly plentiful, is, on the whole, almost the acme of personal pleasure to be had with the gun. If it is selfish, in a manner, it has also the intense charm of comradeship and understanding between the shooter and the dog, or brace of dogs. It is a survival from the days when the aid of the animal was absolutely essential to procure the game at all; and the understanding and reciprocal working of the mute, speechless animal and his master, each of whom reads, by a kind of second sight, what is in the other's mind, and their relation to the movements or manœuvres of the third factor, the grouse or partridge, form an absolutely unique combination in the pursuit of sport.

It is mentally and intellectually a pastime of a very high order. Mr. Arkwright's chapter on shooting over pointers does even this difficult subject justice. Here is a quotation:

"Still, the chief glory of the sport is to shoot over a brace of raking pointers, matched for speed and style, sweeping over the rough places like swallows, and passing each other as if they were fine ladies not introduced. Let one of them get a point, and the other will, as if connected by invisible wire, instantly point at him (*i.e.*, will back him), and as the pointing dog advances to make sure of the birds, the backer will do the same, often with an absolute mimicry of his leader's movements. When his master has come up to the spot, how proudly will the first dog march him up to the game with outstretched neck, flame in his eye, and foam at his lips, while his companion watches from a distance with perfect self-control, and when the birds rise both dogs instantly drop to the ground not to move till the game is gathered, when they are bidden to renew their search. Then there is the chase of a running grouse across a bit of flow (marshy land), which for pure fun beats anything. The face of the flow is powdered with little lichen-covered hillocks of the size and consistency of a bath sponge, and among these the birds thread their way with such ease that they often run for a quarter of a mile or so. When your dog gets a point here he trots on a bit, and you go floundering after him. Then he stands still, turns his head with an imploring glance, which says unmistakably, 'I say, please come on.' You make a spurt. He runs forward only to wait for you again, as you shuffle after him, and so on, till up jumps the old bird behind you, having executed a well-conceived double, and you, quite out of breath, have a wild shot at him; and if he falls, the dog and you hug each other and gasp, while you think there never was such a dog, there never was such a shot, and never will be such sport as grousing in Caithness."

Excellence of quite another kind from this descriptive style marks the chapters on the history of the pointer from the earliest times. The author has ransacked the libraries of Spain, France, Italy, and Germany, and not only made discoveries, but disproved historical fables. He finds that the setting or pointing dogs were originally wavy-haired dogs, that they were first brought into France from Spain, and hence called *Espagnols*, and that they were extensively used in Italy and France to find partridges for netting or for shooting on the ground with crossbows. A delightful picture, by Bassano, of pointers in the Garden of Eden staring at a brace of birds, and others by the same artist of pointers being preserved to posterity by being taken into the Ark, show how highly they were appreciated at an early date. The great number of quotations from French, and especially Spanish and Italian, authors show that there were men centuries ago who were as keen, and could write as well, as Mr. Arkwright, and that men of very high mental equipment delighted in the sport given by the pointer.

The pointer proper, very much as we know him to-day, seems, without a doubt, to have been produced first in Spain. The descriptions of their points by Spanish writers, the pictures, and tradition all agree in this. Thence they were introduced into France, where a light, fine breed became fashionable. But it was not till our officers found themselves for many years in Spain, in the War of the Spanish Succession, that the dogs were introduced into England in any number. Shooting with the shot-gun was much improved, and the new dogs, which our officers found so useful in Spain, were brought home to our shores, and Pero, Don, and Sancho, with female Spanish dogs to bear them company, were domiciled here, and founded and perpetuated the noble race of English pointers. They were the dogs of English country life, next after the foxhound. Every county family had its famous strain. The price was high. Fifty guineas for an ordinary well-broken brace, and a hundred guineas for specially good animals, were commonly given. The best strains were lightish dogs, fast and enduring, with wonderful noses. The Spaniards bred them as white as possible, to show well in thick cover. In England various colours were esteemed. Some of the finest breeds were black, but liver and white and lemon and white were commoner. Gradually, with the change of agriculture and the introduction of driving, the great pointer kennels were broken up, and though there are a number of finely-bred strains left, there is not a single pedigree which can be traced back more than fifty years.

The following description of a modern winner at trials, whose portrait, excellently painted in 1897 by Mr. George Earl, is in Mr. Arkwright's possession, appeared in a contemporary at the time. It gives a good idea of the class of dog still to be had:

"Aldin Fluke is a lemon and white dog, the winner of two prizes at trials, although only run upon three occasions, and also a winner of the highest honours on the show bench. He is in appearance a great slashing dog, without a suspicion of hunter, although he measures 27in. at the shoulders, and weighs 67lb. His

long siebled style, his fine wiry pasterns, and tapering, prehensile toes, guarantee him facility in traversing the roughest ground with speed and safety, while his shoulders, breast-room, loin, and muscle ensure him extraordinary powers of endurance. His head is very pointer-like, without any appearance of the hound in it. The eyes are large and round, the skull well-developed, the muzzle squarely finished, slightly inclined upward, and furnished with wide nostrils; and the ears, full of quality, placed high on the head. Nor does he belie his appearance, for in sagacity and keenness of nose he has few equals, while his long, easy stride is practically untiring; and in his tenth year he was a prime favourite with his master."

The chapter on breaking and training is of great practical value, probably as useful as any "course" of this kind could be. Though based on a life-long experience, the remarks of others are carefully referred to, and usefully quoted. *Apropos* of the habit some dogs have of "chopping the scent" when pointing, moving their jaws as if biting something and salivating freely, Mr. Arkwright states, on the authority of a medical friend, that this is exactly the result of the dog enjoying the taste of the scent on its palate, and is a sure sign of old and true blood.

Hints to judges at field trials, a discourse on kennel management, both from first-hand experience, and a complete bibliography of Spanish, French, Italian, and German books dealing with the pointer, will also be found in this admirable book. There is only one bed-rock subject which Mr. Arkwright does not discuss, and that is the history of the growth and transmission of the gift or habit of pointing. It must have been recently acquired in the history of the species, for it is done entirely in the service of man. Other dogs than pointers will learn it, even terriers and collies occasionally, but only from a desire to help their master to shoot game, which they seem to know that they cannot secure themselves. In any case, the breed is a very highly specialised one, and the early Spanish authors of it must, one would think, have found it employed in some other particular capacity before they trained it for sport.

C. J. CORNISH.

HE would be a bold man and something more who should set himself up as competent to criticise the body of the thirtieth volume of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, which goes from "Kabadian" to "Morvi"—names themselves quite likely to puzzle the person of ordinary education. In between those two limits lies a large selection of the driest and most difficult subjects with which the human mind is compelled to busy itself, and they are treated by master hands. Law, for example, is dealt with by Lord Davey in a long essay, containing not only a powerful analysis of the progress made during thirty busy years, but also a number of practical suggestions for further improvement; and for acuteness of legal insight (in which the Lord Chancellor is Lord Davey's equal), combined with depth of learning, there is no living lawyer who can touch Lord Davey. When he was at the Bar, men spoke of his opinion with bated breath, and many judges trembled before him. Then we have London, a fine subject and a heavy; Local Government; Logic, by Professor Case; Land Registration, by Mr. Fortescue Brickdale, virtually the creator of the system; Magnetism in all its branches; Medical Jurisprudence; and Missions. Before essays of this character criticism, if it be wise, shrinks into retirement; but the case is otherwise when we come to the prefatory essay, to some of the papers dealing with popular subjects, and to some of the minor articles. The prefatory essay, by Mr. Augustine Birrell, K.C., deals with "Modern Conditions of Literary Production," and the humblest of professional critics need not be afraid of approaching it. If Mr. Gosse was wrong (in his controversy with Sir Edward Clarke, K.C.) when he suggested that a lawyer had no right to express an opinion in public on the quality of literature, it still does not follow that this particular lawyer who writes, in a manner more glittering than profound, was the right man to deal with the conditions of literary production. In fact, Mr. Gosse, himself among the departmental editors, would have done this part of the work much better than Mr. Birrell has accomplished it. An encyclopædia is not the place in which to "birrell," and the King's Counsel does "birrell" indeed. Still less is it the place for special pleading, in the correct and all too rare use of the phrase. For example, Mr. Birrell makes, very properly, a great deal of the spread of education, and he quotes figures with absolute accuracy. "The only public money devoted in that year (1842) to the work of primary education was a Parliamentary grant amounting to £29,618 5s. 10d. In rates and taxes the annual expenditure to the same end amounted in 1902 to (at least) £16,000,000 sterling." That 10d. in the first sentence is specious in its appearance of scrupulosity, and the figures are perfectly correct, but to a large extent misleading. It is quite possible and right to hold that legislation, Mr. Forster's Education Act, for example, has done wonders for the intelligence of England, without ignoring that which was effected before 1870 by the expenditure of moneys which were not technically "public." Then Mr. Birrell quotes Dickens's "Jo," a pathetic passage, but he must forgive the observation that his remark, "Jo had to wait from 1842 to 1870 for his education, but he has got it now," is totally unfair. National and British Schools, aye, and Ragged Schools, too, did a vast amount of good work before Mr. Forster accomplished his great and noble task.

Of articles which can be read for sheer entertainment the number contained in the volume is not, outside biographies, large; and of the biographies De Lesseps, by De Blowitz, a fine piece of writing by one who speaks from the grave, is one of the most striking. "Magic," however, by Mr. J. N. Maskelyne and Mr. G. Faur of the Egyptian Hall, is an amusing article, for Mr. Maskelyne is not only a conjurer, but a man of science, and his explanations of the ways in which some tricks are played, to say nothing of his exposures of the impostures of the spiritualists, are good reading. In one very minor article we light on an astonishing statement. "Kalgoorlie, a thriving town of West Australia, twenty-four miles E.N.E. of Coolgardie by rail. Good water was struck in 1896." Was it? If so, it ran out pretty quickly, for in 1901 good water cost £2 a ton in Kalgoorlie, having been obtained by condensation, and since then the West Australian Government have thought it worth while to bring good water from Mundaring to Kalgoorlie, over many hundreds of miles, up many hundreds of feet, and at a cost of several millions sterling. It is when one hits upon errors of this kind in connection with matters within one's accidental knowledge that one doubts the omniscience of the *Encyclopædia*.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.

The Transit of the Red Dragon, by Eden Phillpotts (Arrowsmith). Here are three stories, all of them of no common order of merit, of which the second, oddly enough, gives its name to the volume. The first, which is called "The Heart of the Scorpion," is the longest; and the first two have one excellent characteristic in common. That is to say, the mystery is kept up till the last moment, and then the solution comes upon the astonished reader like a flash of lightning. In the third the first part is not kept up quite so well, for the reader sees further into the cryptogram from the beginning than those who are seeking its solution; but even in the third the final revelation is startling. This is, more distinctly than usual, one of the cases in which the reader's enjoyment would be entirely spoiled by an indication of the nature of the *dénouement*. So let it suffice to say that the first story is localised in Devon, and that, not even in the "River," have the Devonians of Mr. Phillpotts been funnier or more true to life. "Better bide as you'm born, wi' what a faither can leave 'e, than meet trouble halfway by gwaine shares in nothin' wi' the first fule as axes you." The second story has its scene in the Low Countries, in the time of Philip II. of Spain, and it contains a judicious admixture of really fine writing as well as a climax which fairly makes the reader jump. The third takes us from Chambers in London to Barbadoes.

Danny, by Alfred Ollivant (Murray). Not a few of the ardent admirers of "Owd Bob" (without exception, in the writer's opinion, the best dog novel ever written before *Danny*) were considerably disappointed by the instalments of *Danny*, the author's second book, as they appeared in the *Monthly Review*. The reason of the disappointment was partly, no doubt, that the book was by

its very nature ill-adapted for serial publication. It had a certain delicate coherence, depending on dainty touches of the pen, which were apt to be forgotten from month to month. But that was not all the cause for disappointment. Yielding to none in thorough-going affection for dogs in general, and Dandies in particular, the writer of this brief review was fain to admit, month after month, that Mr. Ollivant sometimes went too far, so that his sentiment verged on the maudlin, although to be sure there was all the excuse in the world for a man who was owned by a Dandie; and the really noble portrait of the hero, by Miss Fairman, which is the frontispiece of the volume, now that it has appeared, shows how abundant was the excuse. Still it was a case for revision and partial rewriting, and Mr. Ollivant has acted very wisely in listening to criticism. It would be indeed matter for honest pride to the writer if he could lay to his soul the flattering unction of believing that amid "the criticism of many," to which Mr. Ollivant admits his obligation, any words of his were included; for all his words were used in the spirit of affectionate regard. Be that as it may, the result is altogether good; for that which was excessive and extravagant is gone, and that which remains is of singular beauty and truth. Sadder story was never written than this, nor yet one in which the tender and indomitable nature of the Dandie, his fidelity, his pertinacity, and his power of softening man's heart by silent sympathy, was so powerfully portrayed. One great truth has Mr. Ollivant realised; it is that the Dandie is essentially a woman's dog, as well as a killer, and that in this respect the Dandie resembles the true knight to whom Mr. Ollivant often likens Danny. In fact, the book is a poem in prose, a series of beautiful thoughts expressed with exceeding grace.

THE GREY GEESE OF HOLKHAM.

NORFOLK is celebrated for the rare birds which from time to time are recorded as visiting its shores, and I think one of its most interesting features, from a naturalist's and sportsman's point of view, is that large flocks of grey geese annually leave their Arctic home to pay the coast of North Norfolk a visit. They are to be seen during the whole winter in hundreds, sometimes in thousands, either on the large sand-banks, which extend for miles between Burnham and Blakeney Harbours, or on the adjoining inland marshes and fields.

The Holkham and Wells Marshes—the property of the Earl of Leicester—are their great feeding ground during the winter months. There they have a perfect sanctuary, as of late years his Lordship has not allowed them to be shot. These flocks are almost entirely composed of the pink-footed species (*Anser brachyrhynchus*), although at times small gaggles of the bean geese (*Anser segetum*) and of the white-fronted geese (*Anser albifrons*) are to be met with, the latter being much more common than the former; this winter, in fact, they have been quite plentiful, more so than I ever remember.

The bean geese do not associate with the pink-footed, but are always to be found by themselves; the white-fronted are much



H. A. Davidson.

LYING OUT FOR GEESE ON THE HIGH SAND.

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more sociable, and are almost always found in the company of their pink-footed brethren. The pink-footed geese arrive, as a rule, the first week in October, but this season, for some occult reason, they put in an appearance on September

13th, the previous earliest date recorded being September 17th. These early arrivals are generally few in numbers, being only the advance guard of the main body, which arrives late in October, and their numbers continue increasing well on into November and even later. On arriving they are to be seen flying at a great height, wending their way to the large sand-banks or sometimes flying a mile or two out to sea. It is very curious that, after they have once settled themselves and made themselves at home, it is a rare thing for them to settle in the sea, except a few days before leaving for their northern home, which they do about the middle of February, some few occasionally stopping until the first week in March.

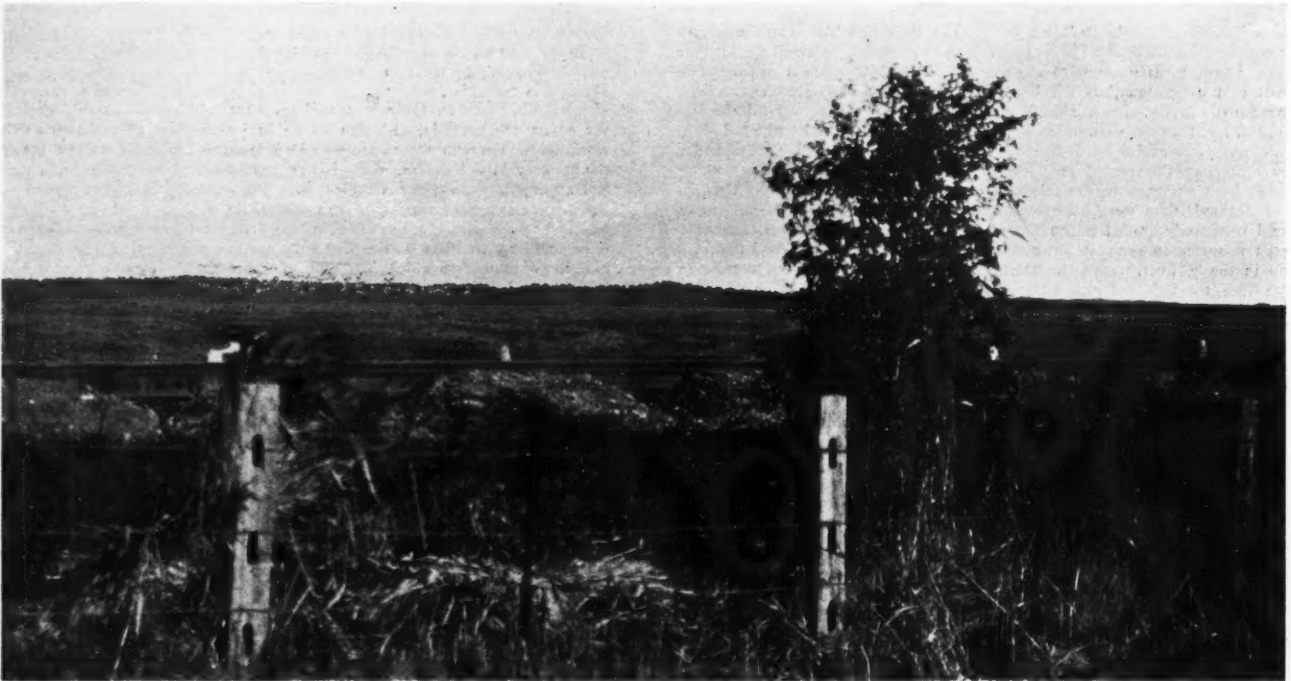
Their chief feeding grounds for the first month or six weeks are the large clover-fields. There they get a nice mixture of grasses and grain. The amount a goose can get into its crop is astonishing. I do not know that they do much harm to old pastures, but to young grasses they must be very injurious, as besides taking the blade they take the root also.



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IN THE GOOSE MARSH.

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A FLIGHT OF WILD GEESE.

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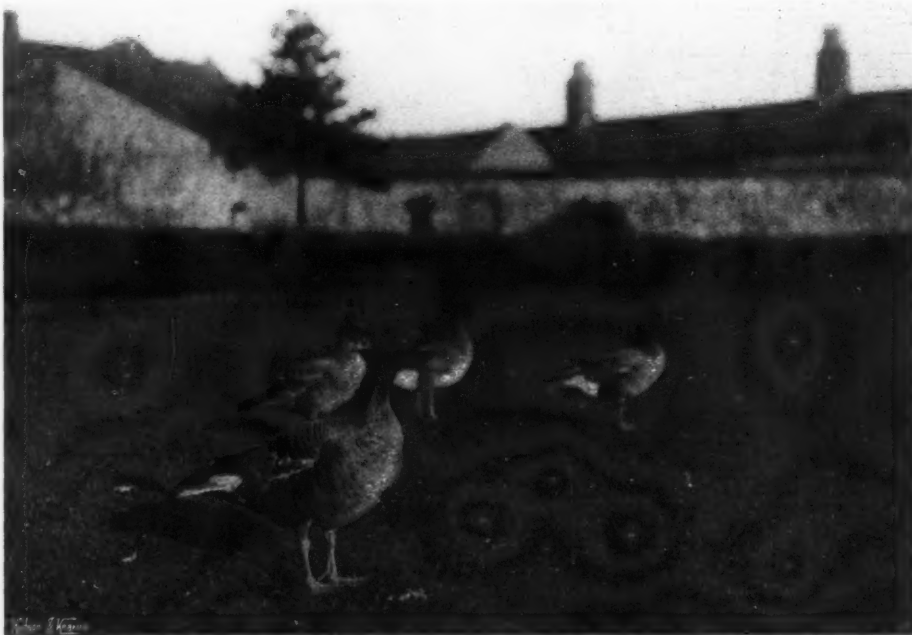
Having found a field where there is plenty of shelled barley, they spend the day there, returning to the sand-banks at dusk. Should there be a moon, they again return to the uplands for supper. These "stubble" geese, if one can get hold of a young one, are not bad eating, very different from what they are later on, when they feed entirely on grass; then they need a certain amount of "treatment" in cooking. It is seldom that they feed on the wheat stubbles, not, I think, because they are not fond of the grain, for they take it readily enough in confinement, but because the hard, sharp stubble pricks their feet and they are unable to walk on it. I have seen a flock settle on a wheat stubble and immediately spring up as if they had settled on hot bricks.

On the sand-banks I have mentioned, the fishermen and fowlers set up long stretches of nets, reaching for hundreds of yards. These nets are made of thin cotton; each net is 30yds. long and has a gin mesh, and the poles are about 12ft. high. Some of the men have as many as nine or ten nets. They are very conservative, and each year place them in the same favourite spot. Into these nets the geese walk, swim, and fly, when driven up by the big tides. I have known as many as ten geese and fifty gulls caught in a single net in a night; but it is only on very dark, stormy nights that such success is to be met with. When there is a moon, the geese are far too wary to be caught napping. The accompanying illustration shows five pink-footed geese which were caught in these nets a few weeks ago. They are now turned loose in a large garden, where their owner kindly allowed me to have a photograph taken of them. They are not good gardeners, I am told, as they eat every bit of green stuff they can get at, Brussels sprouts, lettuce, etc., preferring these to the grain that is strewn about for them. They soon become very tame. Speaking of their tameness, it is a most extraordinary thing that these wild birds should allow the trains to run, so to speak, through the middle of them without moving. The Great Eastern Railway runs

right through the Holkham Marshes, and hundreds of the geese are to be seen feeding within 50yds. or 60yds. of the line, and as the train rushes by, beyond raising their heads and giving a friendly nod to the passengers, they pay no attention whatever.

Another danger they have to guard against in their daily visits to these sand-banks is the gun-holes which the fowlers and others dig, and in which they lie concealed in hopes of a shot. I here give an illustration of one dug on the bar near Wells Harbour. If properly made they are hard to see, and many good shots may at times be obtained; but one may easily understand, if the miles and miles of shore are taken into consideration, that it is not always easy to pick upon the right spot, and one has frequently to put up with the mortification of seeing flock after flock pass just out of shot. The worst of these sand-holes is the drifting sand when there is a head wind, which there should be if any sport is to be looked for; it is most insidious stuff, and gets down the back of one's neck, and is not satisfied until it reaches the sole of one's feet. A short time ago I happened to meet a certain sportsman in costume, an illustration of which is given. It is the best I ever saw for these sand-holes. It is simply made of a barley sack, and has a hood which prevents the sand getting down one's neck. It is so exactly the colour of sand, that when the wearer is in a hole I will defy even the sharp-eyed geese to discern him.

Besides being shot at on the high sands, they have night and morning, no matter what the weather is, to receive a salute from the many gunners who are constantly lying in wait for them on their journey to and from the Holkham and Wells Marshes; but little damage is done unless there should be a gale of wind, as they are fired at at such absurd distances that they soon become very shy and fly at a great height. It is quite a sight when a gale is blowing to see the gunners turn out after the "old greys," with guns and muskets of every size and description,



Davidson.

PINK-FOOTED GEESSE CAUGHT IN NETS AND TAMED.

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some of which nothing in the world would induce me to fire.

The other day I met an old gunner carrying a huge weapon. I could just manage to raise it to my shoulder. It had a piece "jumped" on to the end of the barrel. Evidently it had been burst, and the whole barrel seemed to be slightly on the curve. Just after I left him eight or ten geese went over his head about 100yds. up; the big gun was slowly raised and discharged, the only result being that gun and owner quickly became acquainted with Mother Earth, and the geese passed on rejoicing—laughing, I should say, if geese can laugh.

I give an illustration of a celebrated old gunner, F. Barrett, together with his two young sons (some of whose experiences have been already described in *COUNTRY LIFE* and in Mr. C. J. Cornish's "Nights with an Old Gunner") just preparing to go and take their stand for the evening flight. This old gunner has, I should say, killed more grey geese on the foreshore and sea walls than any man in Norfolk. In the little town of Wells it is almost part of a boy's education to learn how to circumvent the "old greys."

Some years ago, when the geese were doing a great deal of harm to some of the Holkham marshes, which were newly put down to grass, the writer had the privilege of being allowed to shoot them, and there is no better sport. The great thing is to let them get a haunt and not to disturb them until the weather is suitable. In the daytime, either snow or a very strong wind is absolutely necessary if any sport is to be looked for; at night it does not so much matter. Should the ground be covered with snow a night-shirt and white cap make an excellent overall, and very little more "hide" is necessary.

I have known fifty-eight pink-footed geese killed in one day on the Holkham Marshes by the Earl of Leicester and two or three friends. But to my mind there is no sport equal to shooting geese at night. The time to put this in practice is just after a full moon—that is to say, when the moon rises about 6.30 or 7 p.m. Then if you can go to a place where the geese have got a thorough haunt, you may be certain of good sport, as at



H. A. Davidson.

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SUIT OF SACKING FOR LYING IN DUCK-HOLES.

night they come in in small lots, and, if they have been undisturbed for some time, will continue to do so all night long.

I cannot help mentioning two nights' shooting I had in January, 1881. A small marsh—not more than eight or ten acres—on the Earl of Leicester's Marsh Farm had newly been put down to grass; the geese had got a regular "lay," not having been disturbed for weeks, and were playing havoc with the

young grasses. The night after full moon I started pursuit of them. The moon had barely risen before I heard in the distance the "honk honk" of the advance guard of the army that was to follow, and it was not long before I had the pleasure of hearing a thud on the ground. They simply poured in, and very soon I had expended all my cartridges, not being prepared for so much shooting. I bagged thirteen, and several others I found the next day on the adjoining sand-hills, but spoilt, as



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AN OLD GUNNER AND HIS TWO SONS.

they were picked to pieces by the hooded crows. The following night I went again, and it was simply a repetition of the previous night. I bagged fifteen, and might have killed many more, but the man who was with me said that if I shot any more he was going home for a wheelbarrow, as he had got all he could carry. I thought I would save him this trouble, and so we went home. I shall ever remember these two nights, and I should say that two such nights' sport have not fallen to the lot of many.

In the accompanying photograph I intended to show this little marsh, on which I have seen at least 2,000 geese at a time, and which since those two nights I always call Goose Marsh; but the photographer seems to have thought more of taking the writer, which was certainly not his intention. It is, however, sufficient to show the sort of place it is.

It is not possible in a short article to condense the experiences and reminiscences of many years in connection with these interesting birds, but I hope sufficient has been said to justify the statement made at the beginning of this article—that, from an ornithological point of view, the grey geese of Norfolk are one of its most interesting features. ALEXANDER NAPIER.

FROM THE FARMS.

A FAMOUS SHEPHERD.

OBITUARY notices are for the most part reserved for those who have played a leading part on the world's stage, but some who have had to be content with minor rôles are equally worthy of a notice. Among the latter must be remembered the late John Day, whose death has just occurred at Merton in Norfolk. He was a patriarch of over four score years, and during the latter portion of that time was a familiar figure in the agricultural show-yards, not only of Great Britain, but of Holland, Prussia, Austria, and other countries. Probably he was the most notable keeper of sheep in the England of his time, and that is saying a very great

deal, for no occupation seems to develop individuality and character so much as this. We could at the present time give quite a long list of rustic shepherds who really are very distinguished men in their own way, but it is not invidious to say of a dead man that he stood first among his peers. He loved sheep and shepherding, and there was not a better judge of Southdowns in Great Britain. His training had been an excellent one. It began at Babraham with that famous Southdown man, Mr. Jonas Webb, one of whose descendants is still at the old place, helping to maintain the Babraham flock at the high level it had attained in the old time. Jonas Webb died in 1862, and after that John Day went to be head-shepherd to Lord Walsingham, whose Southdowns he had charge of for not less than forty years. The walls of Day's house were literally covered with testimonies to his distinction as a shepherd, for he had won prizes and trophies for Lord Walsingham in every part of the world where agricultural exhibitions are held, and was quite entitled to take rank as the greatest shepherd of his time. At the end of it he had well earned the noble words of applause, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant."

THE LAYING COMPETITION.

The completion of the sixth annual laying competition, held under the auspices of the Utility Poultry Club, marks an epoch in the progress of poultry-keeping in this country. Year by year the popularity of this event and the number of entries have increased, and attention has been called to it by the Press both at home and abroad, and imitative competitions have been started in Australia and the United States. For the contest under notice fifty-one pens were entered for the available twenty-four species, and arrangements were made with the Anglo-American Poultry Company, Highclere, to hold it at its farm, which is laid out and managed upon very advanced lines. Here the competitors were gathered in pens of four pure-bred pullets hatched in 1902, and all placed under the same conditions of housing and feeding in the charge of the manager, Mr. C. H. Payne. The outcome has been a distinct success for what is known as the scratching shed system and the use of trap nests, both of which were described in COUNTRY LIFE in November, 1901. The accompanying photographs of the runs and houses in which the birds were located will help to show how the housing was accomplished. The glass roof covers the attendants' corridor and keeps out driving rain and snow, while it enables the light to fall within the shelters, which are 12 ft. square, roofed with match-boarding and two layers of tarred felt. Here the pullets slept, played, and fed—practically in the open air, but dry underfoot—being allowed exit to the grass runs, which extend 100 yds. back and front, only when the weather was suitable. The floor of the shelters was deeply littered with bracken, straw, etc., and scratching for grain formed a large portion of the day's vocation. The feeding has been one of the features, and since it has been singularly successful, it is noted here, though in the issue above referred to a similar diet is given *in extenso*. The opening course of the day consisted of warm food, composed of various corn meals, of which maize was an important one in cold weather. To this mash was added refuse meat meal, ground greaves, etc. This course was merely a *bonne bouche*, and while being disposed of the attendant



J. W. Kington.

THE WINNING TEAM.

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scattered corn in the litter, so that in order to complete the *déjeuner* the birds had to take wholesome exercise among the straw for an hour or more. Early in the afternoon more corn was distributed widely on the grass if the weather was fit, otherwise it was thrown in the litter, and for supper a full feed of wheat, oats, and barley in turn was given in troughs, so that every inmate might go to rest prepared to resist the rigours of the night. Scrupulous cleanliness was observed, the boards under the perches being scraped daily, and altogether, as far as hygienic conditions of fresh air, exercise, sensible feeding, and clean, well-lighted quarters go, the competing layers were admirably catered for—and the end justified the means. The first prize white Wyandottes, whose photographs are to the fore in the group, have beaten all previous records, and are credited with laying during the sixteen darkest weeks of the year a total of 276 eggs. The highest individual record also was gained by one of these pullets with a score of 78 eggs. The previous best was made in 1889-90, when a pen of silver Wyandottes laid 223 eggs in the same period. Next to the white Wyandottes come three pens of the deservedly-popular buff Orpingtons, who earned their prizes with aggregates of 225, 203, and 177 eggs respectively.

THE SHIRE HORSE SHOW.

The Shire Horse Show, which opened on Tuesday, is in every way an excellent one. The total number of entries is 680, as compared with 860 last year. The stabling accommodation at the Agricultural Hall is over-taxed whenever more than 600 horses are entered for this show, and we may take it that the difference between this year's entry and last year's is made up for the greater part of animals that were only meant for sale. The quality of those competing has never been exceeded in the history of the show. It is gratifying to see the long list of owners, which comprises nearly every leading Shire horse-breeder in the kingdom, from His Majesty the King downwards.

The value of the prizes offered is the same as it was in 1902, namely, £2,107. Fifty-six of the 128 prize and reserve winners of last year are entered for competition in the present year. They include such splendid animals as Mr. William Jackson's Knottingley Royal, Lord Rothschild's Birdsall Menestrell, and Messrs. Forshaw's Capstone Harold and Stroxton Tom. We go to press too late to deal with the prize-list this week, but hope to do so in our next number.



TWO BEAUTIFUL PIECES.

A NOTABLE . . . SALE.

WE give a photograph of the beautiful Malling Cup, which was sold at such a sensational price by Messrs. Christie one day last week. The jug is Elizabethan, and is made of Fulham delft or stoneware in splashed colours, with silver-gilt mounts in the style of the old Chinese. It has a finely-chased neck-band, handle-mount, body-straps, foot, and cover of silver-gilt. It was sold for the benefit of

the church funds, and purchased by Messrs. Crichton Brothers of 22, Old Bond Street, for the extraordinary price of £1,522 10s. The mounts bear the London hall-mark, 1851. The James I. standing salt bears the London hall-mark, 1613, and at the same sale was also bought by Messrs. Crichton Brothers for £1,150.

CORRESPONDENCE.

HAM MILL ON THE TEME.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The river Teme is very little known, except to anglers, yet it is one of the most beautiful streams, as well as one of the swiftest, in England, and it also runs past spots of much historical and antiquarian interest. For instance, it flows under Ludlow Castle, where Milton wrote his "Mask of Comus," and where the young sons of Edward IV. slept before their fatal journey to London; and at the point where it joins the Severn, below Worcester, is the scene of one of the fiercest fights of Cromwell's days. The wooded hill-country of north-west Worcestershire, through which the Teme winds eastwards to the Severn, is very little known, and therefore very little spoiled, but it would delight lovers of Nature. It is all orchards and hopyards and wild, wooded hills—remnants of the once great forest that stretched from Wyre to Malvern. Not far from the little village of Martley, and just off the road to Tenbury, is the quaint old mill of which I send you some views. About half a mile up-stream the river is spanned by Ham Bridge, the original stone of which has been mostly replaced by red brick, itself old and of beautifully mellowed colour. Still a short mile



higher up is the site of Ham Castle, which was burnt down in Jubilee year, and has but a few stones and some vaults left; but the view from the castle knoll of the wooded hills all round, and the rich valley of the Teme, is well worth a visit. It would be hard to find a lovelier scene, or one more typically English, than the site of the old mill. It lies on the west bank of the stream, which here runs through a narrow valley between wooded and quaintly-broken hills, and a foaming weir, whose sound can be heard a long way off, half-circles the north-west outlet. There is no river so steeply banked down to the water as the Teme, nor so densely hidden by growth of trees. This adds greatly to the mystery of its peeps, but also to the difficulty of getting at them. Here and there bold rocks, sometimes almost cliffs, vary the scene and remind one of the Wye, and in places large boulders of fallen sandstone half block the course of the stream. The old mill is a very rare example—it is the only one known to me—of such a structure in half-timber, black-and-white work. It is not strictly black-and-white at the present time, for it consists of bricks and reddish plaster between the timbers. Its leaning position, tumbling disrepair, and general air of being lost or forgotten, together with the charm of its setting, make a picture not to be soon forgotten. And yet, if I am truly told, it is soon likely to be forgotten, unless its owner can be moved to spare it, or antiquarians will lend a hand to save it. At present it still works as a mill, and I believe but a moderate sum would preserve it from falling to decay. It seems a great pity that so rare a gem of sixteenth or seventeenth century work should be either pulled down or left to tumble to pieces for the want of a few pounds. It is said that the owner of the property has resolved to let it fall to ruin. Through your influential pages I would appeal to him for the sake of English art to save this old relic

of past architecture; and I would also ask English archaeologists, and especially those of the county, to join me in my appeal.—C. F. GRINDROD.

SALMON TAKING IN SNOW-WATER.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I am much interested in the question raised by "Piscator" in your issue of February 21st. It is impossible to lay down hard-and-fast rules about fish. There can, however, be no question that both salmon and trout in our English and Scottish rivers seldom rise freely when the snow is melting on the hills. On the other hand, trout in glacier-fed Swiss rivers where the water is almost at freezing point, feed voraciously, and afford excellent sport. I fancy too that the same holds good about salmon in Norway, though I regret to say I have no experience of that country. It would seem, therefore, that it is the sudden lowering of the temperature rather than the fact that the water is mostly composed of melted snow which prevents the fish from biting freely. I trust that other correspondents more competent to answer "Piscator" will give us the benefit of their views on this most interesting question. If it is established that salmon do not take fly in snow-water it would have some bearing on that other great question which has troubled fishermen so long, namely: Do salmon feed in fresh water? If they do not under any circumstances why should snow make any difference? It seems a most unanswerable mystery and deserves fuller investigation.—NOVICE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In your issue of February 21st I notice a letter on the subject of salmon taking, or not taking, fly in snow-water. It may interest some of your readers to know that the case of the mahseer in the rivers of North India is a parallel one, and this, not only in the fact that the opinion is a general one that these fish will not take after the snow-broth has begun to come down, but also in there being advocates of the opposite theory. Personally I am of the former belief, or at least I can say that in my experience fish are so reluctant to "take" that the game is not worth the candle. But I have met at least one good sportsman who held an opposite opinion. In one particular, however, the cases are not parallel. Whereas in the home waters the continuance of the snow-water spate is comparatively short-lived, in the large rivers of North India, when the snows of the high ranges have once begun to melt, the water remains unfishable for at least four months.—P. R. BAIRNSFATHER, St. Andrews, N.B.

FOR DOG-LOVERS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I see in your issue of February 21st, in your "Answers to Correspondents," you state that as a rule there is not much prospect of a cure being effected for an inturmed eyelid. I can state from experience that if your correspondent will send his dog to the Royal Veterinary College, Camden Town, he will stand a very good chance of having the dog quite cured. Not long ago I sent a dog there with a very troublesome inturmed lid, and an operation was performed completely curing the complaint. In order to send a dog to the Royal Veterinary College it is necessary to become a member, £2 2s. a year, and the charge is 5s. a week, including food, etc., and veterinary attendance. The money will be well spent, for the Royal Veterinary College is well worth supporting, if only for the amount of work it does gratis for animals belonging to the poor in London. I hope this letter is not too late to save the life of your questioner's dog.—A. HOLLAND-HIBBERT.



EARLY-NESTING
WILD DUCK.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—On February 16th I was walking by the side of a lake much frequented by wild duck, and was surprised to see a duck get up and scuttle away as if she was wounded. Not expecting to find a nest so early, I was deceived by the old trick to lead me away, and attempted to capture the bird and put her out of her misery, but of course when I got near her she flew off. On searching, I found the nest with a good clutch of eggs, which were evidently in an advanced stage of incubation. Talking of this to a neighbour, he remarked that he had found two nests early in February last year, from both of which broods were hatched before the end of the month. However, he expressed a doubt if these early broods ever came to much good, as after about a fortnight he saw both broods, but the number of ducklings had sadly diminished, and later on in the season he could not discover any young birds much more advanced than their neighbours. Perhaps, however, if we are favoured with a mild spring, these may prosper better. Last September I found a brood of wild duck which could not be more than a fortnight or three weeks old. This may possibly have been a second brood raised by one of these early-nesting duck.—C. R.

LONDON PIGEONS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—It is generally believed that domestic animals and birds which man by careful breeding and selection has improved, or, at any rate, altered, if allowed to breed indiscriminately, will revert to the original type. This theory, however, does not seem to be confirmed by the London pigeons, which for many generations have been allowed to mate as Nature directs them. Of course, their ranks are increased from time to time by fancy birds which escape from captivity and prefer freedom and hard living to a luxurious imprisonment, but the numbers of these must be quite insignificant compared with the vast multitudes of semi-wild birds which frequent the market-places and public buildings of the metropolis. Yet there seems to be no general tendency to go back to the original type; in fact, the variety in a flock of pigeons feeding in the street is very marked indeed. Is it possible that this may be accounted for by the theory that the domestic pigeon does not spring from one distinct species, but from two or more closely related species? Some colour is lent to this argument by letters to the Press last spring, in which the mating of wood-



LINUS, THE AMERICAN, 1903.

pigeons with domestic birds was recorded. Perhaps some of your correspondent, with more knowledge of the subject will be good enough to favour us with their views.—A LONDON BIRD-LOVER.

[It would be interesting to know of any well-authenticated case in which the cross between the wood-pigeon and the domestic bird proved fertile. For the rest, we consider that the number of fancy birds which join their semi-wild brethren is quite sufficient to account for the variety seen among the latter.—ED.]

NOTHING NEW
UNDER THE SUN.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—It may interest some of your readers to see a picture of a horse that possessed, according to its royal owner's claim, the longest tail on record. A

horse at present exhibited to London audiences has a tail 17ft. in length—grown, it is needless to say, in the land which is the home of big things—but the one here depicted had a tail 18ft. in length. It was a white stallion, one of the once famous Oldenburg breed, and the ruler of that principality presented it to the reigning Landgrave, William VI. of Hesse-Cassel, about the year 1654. The animal stood in the latter's stables for upwards of twenty years, and was one of the nine wonders of the time. The author of "Re Equaria," who published it in 1697, when describing, in the four languages in which this curious old book is printed, this remarkable equine specimen, states that he has hairs of this horse's mane in his possession which measure 9ft., and others from its tail which measure 18ft. in length. Mane and tail were placed in bags of red velvet on the rare occasions when the Landgrave rode it. When exercised, two lackeys of the stable carried the tail, and a third took charge of the mane in the manner shown in the woodcut.—W. A. BAILLIE-GROHMAN.

[We are extremely obliged to Mr. Baillie-Grohman for sending us so interesting an old print of the white stallion of the famous Oldenburg breed, and as an object of comparison have been at some trouble to obtain a photograph of the animal now being shown in this country. Linus is at present on tour in the West of England. He is an American horse, having been born in Oregon, U.S.A., nine years ago. He was purchased by Mr. E. H. Bostock for over £2,000, and has only been about sixteen weeks in the British Isles. Since then he has been continually on exhibition, and has created a very lively interest among those who pay attention to curiosities in horse development. The horse has two manes, each measuring 13ft. The forelock measures 8ft. and the tail 17ft.—ED.]



A PREDECESSOR OF LINUS, 1654.